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WITS

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Led by the Nose;

OR, A

POETS

REVENGE:

A Tragi-Comedy,

As it is Acted at the

Theatre Royal.

LONDON,

Printed for *Langly Curtis*, in *Goat Court* on *Ludgate-Hill*, 1678.

Licensed *August* 16. 1677.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

PROLOGUE,

Intended to be ſpoke by Sir *Symon Credulous*, Written by *F. W.* Gent.

A Play Bill diſcover'd upon the Door, Enter like a Country Gentleman.

VVHat's here? never Acted before, *Hey-day!*
This certainly is ſome inſipid Play.
Wits lead by the Noſe, *I Gad I'de beſt retire,*
They'le find me out to be ſome Country Squire;
And then for certain though I'm not a Wit,
They'le thruſt me 'mongſt my Brethren in the Pit;
Where with Debauches, Noiſe, and little Miſs,
I ſhall be Martyr'd worſe then Poet is,
And be oblig'd for Company to hiſs.
To ſhun the Danger of th' admiring Crew
B'w'y Miſs, Boy, Houſe, and Brethren all Adew.
[Offers to go, but returns.
Gad ſhould I ſtay, they'd cheat me with pretence
Of a new Play call'd Country Innocence,
Or what was worſt of all, the Devil take her,
A Debauch'd Chambermaid *forſooth* turn'd Quaker.
Theſe little Tricks, ſo often put on Wits,
Made me forſwear to come in either Pits.
Midnights Intreagues, *and* Conjerer de France,
Inſipid fribling and unruly dance
So turnd my ſtomach——
I talk, as if concern'd at what they doe,
I Gad Dear Brethren 'tis for none but you.
It grieves my heart to ſee you yawn i'th' Pit,
As if you came for ſleep, and not for Wit.
Another Crew, with good diverting Play,
Paſſes the tedious hours of Show away,
Pumping for wit to manage him next day.

PROLOGUE.

Gad what with that, ill nature, and worſe, W——
The Actors are quite Acted out of Doors.
Diſeaſe, Impotence, and endleſs Rage,
Have been the ruin of this noble Stage.
I ſhun'd the danger, Gad with much adoe,
To be a Country Wit like ſome of you.
The Civil Wars betwixt the Blew, and Red,
Was but a ſpice of Pride ſtoln from the head:
In Imitation of ſuch growing men,
They've got the Knack to be undone again:
Ruin's Triumphant, and in Maſquerade
Appears in ev'ry Corner to invade
The eaſie natur'd fools, and ſpoile the trade.
And will you hear how 'tis? The houſe is grown
So out of date to th' ruling Fops o'th' Town,
That in a Month, IGad, you ſcarcely come
T' applaud, but to debauch i'th' tyring Room;
Where having whiſper'd your Harmonious Miſs,
You creep into the Pit, and frame a Hiſs.
You think new Plays, ſuch as can pleaſe the Age,
Are not the work of this, but t'other Stage:
Let us provide even the beſt we can,
Here they'le ſcarce pleaſe a Country Gentleman;
Much leſs thoſe Huffing Wits, who ſans remorſe,
Make down right rayling here their common courſe,
And Jockie-like, damm the beſt running Horſe.
In former Ages you came here for Wit,
Glean'd what beſt pleas'd, and then forſook the Pit:
You think us Barren, and to others ſteare,
And gape for Wit, but find no more then here.
S'death, not to Plays but Puppet ſhows you run,
Sure you're in Love with dear Mrs. *ſuch a one,*
And court her ſhadow ere the Play's begun.
When you're come here, as Gad 'tis very rare,
You ſerve us like the Monſters of the Faire;
Hiſs without reaſon, damm without controule,
As if you meant to Sacrifice the Soul.

This

PROLOGUE.

This ſtrange unkindneſs has our Stage undone,
And all that you thought Actors faith are gone:
The men to Miſſes, Places, or Eſtates,
The Women to their kind and welcome Fates;
Thus both at once retiring from the Stage,
Have left us here the Objects of your Rage.
To court your kindneſs were alaſs but vain,
You muſt be Damming though you Damm in pain.
'Mongſt the hard hearted, I good natures ſpy,
And kindneſs dancing in each Ladies eye;
They to commiſerate, not hate, were born,
I know you are too kind and fair to ſcorn;
Your bluſhing Cheeks good Nature doth betray,
It lies on you to ſave, or Damm the Play;
Our unlearn'd Author to your doom ſubmits,
Deſirous to be try'd by Female Wits:
If you applaud him all his pains are crown'd,
And he'l deſie the huffing Criticks round.

Actors

Actors Names.

Antellus, King of *Sicilia* —— Mr. *Goodman.*
Oroandes, General of his Army —— Mr. *Lydell.*
Zannazarro, a young Lord in Rebellion —— Mr. *Perrin.*
Arratus, an old Courtier —— Mr. *Watson.*
Vanlore, a Gentleman fall'n to decay —— Mr. *Powre.*
Sir *Symon Credulous* —— Mr. *Haynes.*
Sir *Jasper Sympleton* —— Mr. *Stiles.*
Jack Drayner, Servant to *Credulous* —— Mr. *Nathaniel Q.*
Dick Slywit, Servant to *Sympleton* —— Mr. *Cossh.*
A Shepherd ——
A Servant, and a Messenger ——

Women.

Heroina, Princess of *Regium* —— Mrs. *Baker*, Jun.
Glorianda, Princess of *Cyprus* —— Mrs. *Bowtell.*
Amasia, Sister to *Zannazarro* —— Mrs. *Baker.*
Theocrine, Daughter to *Arratus* —— Mrs. *F.*
Julia, *Theocrines* Maid ——

Attendants, Priests, Guards, Spirits, Bandetties, Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Scene *SICILIA.*

WITS
Led by the Nose.

ACT I.

SCENE *Arratus* Lodgings.

Enter Arratus *with a Letter in his hand,* Sir Symon *and* Sly-wit *as from Travelling.*

Arr. SIR *Symon,* without this Letter your self had been most welcome, and I am bound in honour to your Father (besides the great Engagement of your presence) to do whatever he commands me.

Sym. Sir, I cannot but thank you, our English way admits of but few Complements, and those are grown so tedious to me since I left the Clime, I purpose to forget 'em.

Arr. Plain down right dealing's the *Sicilian* fashion, and that I count the best too. But dear Sir *Symon* make me happy in the knowledg why you left your Nation.

Sym. A toy —— a frollick —— a meere trick I Gad, a vain desire to see this other World, and know what difference is between the Natures of such different Kingdoms.

Arr. Your Curiosity ought Sir to be commended and encourag'd; but sure some other Reason urg'd you to Travel, Love, Love, I'le warrant you?

Sym. I Gad Love is the only thing I hate, 'tis more offensive to my Constitution, then Arsnick to an Ague. I Gad we are cloy'd with it in *England*; and that which makes me hate it more, is, my last *Amoret* in the very height of her Embraces not only pickt my Pocket,

Pocket, but dealt unkindly by me, and all that. Love, oh out upon't, 'tis the greateſt Monſter Sir in Nature.

Arr. I'm ſorry you are ſo averſe to what we count a pleaſure; and more ſince the great hopes I had in ſuch a noble Son, are blaſted in their early ſpring.

Sym. I find by my hand, and all that; this old man intends to puſh a fortune on me. —— [*aſide.*

It is my fate Sir, at firſt I lov'd like *Plato*, then like all the World, that is every pretty yielding Beauty; at laſt by too many enjoyments ——

Pox on 'em I may ſay — [*aſide.*

I grew ſo dull, ſo wearied and ſo ſenceleſs, I Gad I reſolv'd never to love again.

Arr. 'Tis very ſtrange.

Sym. Nor never will, unleſs Sir to oblige my beſt of friends, your noble ſelf.

Arr. I reſt engag'd to you. I muſt confeſs Sir I have a Daughter, and one whom Nature has rather been prodigal then backward in beſtowing Graces. My mind ever deſign'd her (Sir) for you, and to compleat what I ſo long had wiſh'd, even from both your Infancies, I let your Father know my whole deſign, whoſe heart with mine did willingly agree; there wanting nothing but your riper years, which Heav'n beſtowing on you both, your Father according to his promiſe, and my great deſire, has ſent in you the Center of my hopes.

Sym. I find my ſelf betray'd, betray'd to love I Gad, and wheal'd already into the bonds of Matrimony, and that's a dangerous task for a Gallant of the times to undertake, eſpecially for one who hath bin caught by that religious cheat of Wedlock at leaſt fifteen times; but the beſt is, the *Sicillian* and our Laws differ as much as their Conſtitutions, and for thoſe facts committed there a Gentleman in honour cannot ſuffer here. —— [*aſide.*

Sir you honour me too much in thus beſtowing upon me ſo great a prize, as your lovely Daughter,

who may be as ugly as the Devil for ought I know. [*aſide.*

Arr. Had not the great deſerts Sir of your Father, beſides equallity of birth, and friendſhip, tranſlated to my Soul your noble vertues, this firſt encounter would have giv'n me ſufficient ſatisfaction of your merits.

Sym.

Sym. My Lord, your praiſes riſe to Oſtentation; and to requite you for this noble kindneſs, if recommencing love will ought oblige you, you may command your Servant.

Arr. You make me happy; this grant of yours, pulls back ſome years from age; my Daughter will be overjoy'd at ſuch a Huſband, and meet you with the beſt reſpects of Love.

Sym. Let her be ſwift in granting, for I Gad if ſhe holds out long, my affections will melt away, and turn into down right hatred, meer ſlight, neglect, ſcorn, and ſo forth.

Arr. She's half prepar'd already, there wants nothing but the grant, the word, I Love, and then the deed is done.

Sym. I but that word I have known extended to ſuch a length, that it was impoſſible to find an end of the reſolve. I ſince my fit of Love's return'd, hate all but yielding Females, and to thoſe I fly with as much vigor, as a Novice in the Art of Courtſhip to his new gain'd Miſtreſs.

Let her be plyant, and my fit will laſt;
If not ———
As it came ſwiftly on, it flies as faſt.

Arr. Come Son, for ſo I'le call you now; after your tedious journey, reſt is needful, then you ſhall ſee the only joy I have,

And from her eyes receive ſo ſweet a fate,
You'l bleſs that pow'r, which firſt did Love create. [*Exeunt*

SCENE a City.

Enter Oroandes, *two Captains and Souldiers.*

Oro. My Kings Commiſſion gives me not only orders to dethrone brave *Zannazarro*, but to demoliſh all, to burn his factious Town, and in its Ruins bury the thoughts of Uſurpation.

Omnes. Heav'n crown the action with ſucceſs.

Oroa. My gratitude divides it ſelf amongſt you all; the only way of recompence, until ſome happy beam of opportunity ſhall light my wiſhes to a requital of your early loves. —— Summon the Rebel. [*They ſound a parl.*

Enter as on the Walls Zannazarro *and Attendants.*

Zan. What means this haſty Summons? Is your anger ſo ſwift in motion, that it not admits due rites unto the dead? and though our

griefs ſit heavy on our Souls, 'tis not of Kin to fear, but we dare draw our Swords ere we have wip'd our eyes, and in a peal of Cannon, thunder his Funeral.

Oroa. 'Tis pity a reſolve thus fortified, ſhould unravel all its glory, in an unlawful cauſe.

Zan. Oroandes, you may ſpare your labour, though we have loſt the ſtrongeſt Cittadel of all our hopes, in our dear Fathers death, yet we will ſell our Lives, at honours deareſt rate, and not fall an humble Sacrifice to death.

Oroa. I am ſorry Sir, that my advice, proceeding from the love I bear your worth, has miſs'd its wiſh'd for ends: Farewell, all happineſs but that which waits on victory attend you.

[*Exeunt below.*

Zan. The like to thee brave Soul, ſince part we muſt;
When next we meet, 'twill be in blood and duſt.

[*Exeunt above.*

[*An alar'm and fighting within. Enter as in flight* Zannazarro *and Souldiers, Enter after them fighting the firſt Captain, and Souldiers, they follow* Zannazarro *and Souldiers off, and then return, Enter to them* Oroandes *and Souldiers.*

Oroa. Where's *Zannazarro?*

1 Cap. Receiv'd into the Town, in ſpight of all our Force.

Oroa. S'death, their Army beaten, and cannot he be Conquer'd? ſcale the Walls, kill and burn all, till death be tyr'd with Conquering.

[Scene *the Walls of the Town,* Zannazarro *and Souldiers appear upon 'em, Allarm,* Oroandes *and Souldiers ſcale the Walls, beat off* Zannazarro *and Souldiers, and enter the Town, Allarm ſtill, a ſhout, and then the* Scene *changes to a Town afire, a noiſe of ſhrieks and fighting for a while, and then the* Scene *changes to a Temple, in which is diſcover'd* Amaſia *kneeling at the Altar with two or three Ladies. Enter a Meſſenger all bloody.*

Meſſ. Fly deareſt Lady, fly, the day is loſt, your noble Brother taken, Wars furious Goddeſs, fierce *Enyo* ſtands over your batter'd Gates,

Gates, a dropping pine about her Treſſes lends with its diſmal light an entrance to the Meſſengers of Death, the Battlements ſweat all in flames, whilſt loud confuſion fills th' enlightned air.

[*The Ladies weep.*

Ama. Weep not my dear companions, you have ſhar'd alike with me in ev'ry change of fortune, if fate ordains this the Cataſtrophe of all thoſe Tragick Scenes; to us our Virgin innocence ſhall be protection, ſafer then th' united Swords of Earths moſt powerful Monarchs. [*Outcries within.*

1 *Lad.* Oh they are entring, entring, lets fly dear Madam.

Ama. Whether? When ſlaughter runs through all, where can we find protection?

Enter Oroandes *and Souldiers.*

Oroa. Ha! —— what place is this? — with what an awful Majeſty it looks! —— ſure it inſhrines Deity — what's ſhe? ——

[*ſpies* Amaſia.

with ſuch a face *Troy's* tutelary Angel look'd, when all her Crown of Turrets drop't their flaming heads:

[Amaſia *kneels to* Oroandes.

Ama. What ere thou art, that in this dreadful ſhape com'ſt to prophane this hallow'd place with blood; if in your breaſt, there dwell a human thought, telling you that a Woman was your Mother, for her ſake pity a diſtreſſed Virgin.

[Oroandes *ſtands amaſed, lets fall his Sword.*

Oroa. A chilling froſt unnerves my joints, ſure 'tis Divinity or Magick that hath thus depos'd my Reaſon, to let rebel paſſion tryumph i'th' injur'd Throne. —— Riſe Lady, there's a Religious ice about my heart, that chains up all my fury: —— I ſhall rather ſlight the commands of a much injur'd Prince, then violate ought which the dictates of my Soul proclaims for ſacred.

Ama. Oh lead me then to ſome polluted place that's grown drunk with blood, and there let mine increaſe the purple deluge; I ſhall not always be protected by this place's ſanctity, or if I were, find few of ſo much vertue, to be with a Religious reverence aw'd.

Oroa. Do not dear Soul too much afflict your ſelf, my Power

ſecures you from all future violence, each tear you ſhed drops from my heart in blood, I'm conquer'd in this victory, and become a Captive to my priſoner: fear nothing Madam, for your Guardian Angel roab'd in virginity is not whiter then thoſe thoughts which cloath my Soul, when they reflect on ſo much ſuff'ring vertue: Oh give my paſſions leave to move within the Orb of your Celeſtial Beauty, while no line —— tends to the Center of a thought unchaſt.

Ama. Alas my Lord, this is no time to play with Love, when War and Death ſit by and hold the ſtakes.

Oroa. If all my ſervice to my Prince hath merited ought worth requital, he muſt ſhow it in mercy to you, or by a blacker doom ſhake my obedience off; but only grant me thus much ſatisfaction, that when time redeems you from theſe cruel frowns of fate, you would with pity then on my afflictions look.

Ama. I were ungrateful elſe, noble Sir; I ſo much prize your vertues, that if ere my frowning ſtars ſmile on my fate again, their powerful influence ſhall reflect on you, in ſo much thankful gratitude, you ſhall acknowledg it the eldeſt Child of Love.

Oroa. My joyes grow equal with my wiſhes;

Baniſh all fear ſince fate ſo kind doth prove,
Thus to reward Wars mightie toyls with Love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Arratus* Lodgings.

Enter at one door Arratus *and* Theocrine, *at the other Sir* Symon *and* Drayner, *Sir* Symon *dreſt Gallantly.*

Arr. Son, you'r moſt nobly welcome, my Daughter I thank my Stars accepts the proffer, and no doubt but both parties will be agreed.

Sym. I hope ſo too Sir, for as I ſaid before I hate a tedious Court-ſhip.

Arr. Daughter this is the Gentleman I ſpoke of, is he not in ev'ry thing compleat to my deſcription?

Theo. Yes Sir, ——

If gawdy Cloaths, Powder and Paint can make a Lover, this Monſter wants no Graces. [*aſide.*

Sym. Ma-

Sym. Madam, having the honour to be introduc'd into your noble company, I hope I ſhall not appear rude in thus preſuming to kiſs your hand, and all that. [I Gad, ſhe is very handſome, and hath conquer'd my heart at this firſt entervieu. — *aſide.*] Lady I hope your Father hath made you ſenſible of my Amours, and withal the way and manner of my Courtſhip, for I Gad and all that, I love damnably, and hate monſtrouſly.

Theo. 'Tis ſtrange Sir you can admit at once of love and hate.

Sym. In their degrees Lady, but ſometimes they are inſeparable, for I can at once hate and love, love and hate, and all that, but the preſent cauſe which may be eaſily avoided is a tedious Courtſhip.

Theo. I'm glad I know your mind Sir, and ſhall ſtrive to pleaſe in expedition.

Sym. I vow to Gad and all that, you are the ſweeteſt lovingeſt Lady, and ſo forth, in all *Europe.*

Arr. I told you Son ſhe would be all obedience, and to preſerve your Loves entire for ever, prepare againſt to morrow for the Wedding.

Theo. To morrow Sir?

Arr. Yes Daughter, ſo I've ſaid, a days loſs begets an age of ſorrow, to morrow is the ultimate.

Theo. The warning Sir's too ſhort, I cannot in one night conſent, to the great loſs that fatal day will bring; defer it Sir a week.

Sym. By Heav'n, I ſhall forget to love by that time, alas Madam my love comes on by fits, and if you refuſe me while it reigns upon me, I Gad and all that you may go ſeek your Huſband.

Arr. Diſpute no more, to morrow is the day, till then I give you leave to think upon't.

He muſt be taken in the height of love,
Or elſe th' effects in pallid fear will move:
Delay'd affection many ills produce,
And love may loſe its pow'r for want of uſe. [*Exeunt.*

As they are going off, Enter Sir Jaſper *and* Slywit, *Sir* Jaſper *ſeeing them, ſtands ſtill.*

Jaſ. Ha! that's more then I expected, this is ſure a Rival, and one

one of the newest stamp, pox on this love I say, a man is never free from one danger or other; now am I in a great Quandary, whether I had best go forward or backward, if I go forward there's a Rival, if backward there goes a Coward, and to stand still is worst of all.

Sly. Sir what do you mean? Did you come out with an intent to see your Mistress, and stand disputing what you'd best to do.

Jas. Do, why what you would have me do? Did you not see a Rival with my Lady, and let me tell you there's danger in those Creatures, pox on 'em they are as common as Cuccolds, but not half so loving.

Sly. That's as they'r us'd, if they discover the least spark of fear, they'r valliant then as Lyons, but if you bear up Briskly, swear Neatly, and huff Compleatly, they sneak away, just like insipid Asses.

Jas. Nay if swearing and huffing would overcome, I think none dare pretend to have any courage but my self.

Sly. As for example, suppose you were my Rival, thus I come to you, Umh, Umh, Umh, *Dam me Sir, you are an Insipid, Excommunicated, Rascallian Son of a Whore, and my Rival.*

[*Gives Sir* Jasper *a slap on the face, retreats, and draws his Sword.*

Jas. Pox on your Rival ship, if this be the fruits on't, you may keep your Lady and be damn'd; was that Alamode to make fire fly out of both the eyes of a Gentleman?

Sly. I us'd you kindly in't, you should in answer to the affront, have drawn your Sword, and ——

Jas. Run away I'le warrant you.

Sly. No Sir, fought him Gentilely, and with a decent thrust push'd his Soul into another World.

Jas. I marry Sir, that's a good way to be hang'd, and all that

Sly. Phu, I am asham'd of you, and your conversation, a Gentleman and be hang'd, 'twas never heard of, I knew a Squire after he Cowardly had kill'd a Score, had leave to mak't up Forty, and you being a Knight, I hope you may have more power.

Jas. Say you so, nay if I may kill *Cum privilegio*, woe be to the next I meet, my anger's up, and murder will ensue; but to our business, suppose you were my Rival, thus I come up to you, Umh,

Umh, Umh, Umh, *Dam me Sir, you are an Inſipid, Excommunicated, Raſcallian Son of a Whore, and my Rival.*

[*Strikes* Sly. *Runs back to draw his Sword, and then returns.*

Sly. So this was well done, and like a lover.

Jaſ. Nay let me alone for huffing, here comes ſomething, now courage for me. [*Enter an old Woman.*

Sly. What mean you Sir?

Jaſ. Nothing, but to kill that Monſter, I have ſworn, and a Gentleman ſhould not break his word.

Sly. But that's a woman Sir, a very old woman.

Jaſ. If ſhe were a very old Devil I would kill her, my angers up, and murder will enſue. [*Goes to kill the old Woman.*

Old W. Oh Lord Sir hold, put up your Sword Sir, I have not ſeen a naked thing of that length this forty years, help, help, murder, murder. [*Runs up and down the Stage, crying murder, at length falls down, and* Jaſper *in running after falls too, the old Woman gets up and runs away crying murder.*

Jaſ. Pox of her old bones, could ſhe not ſtand to be kil'd decently.

Sly. She thought 'twas better living Sir; but lets begon, her mumbling chaps will raiſe the ſtreets upon us.

Jaſ. Withal my heart.

Since want of Huff and Dinging, makes a Cully,
I'le Rant, Rore, Swear, and Curſe to be a Bully. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE the City.

Enter Jaſper Sympleton, Slywit, *Muſitioners and Dancers.*

Jaſ. FOllow your Leader Raſcals, this is the Houſe, undermine it firſt with a noiſe of vocal Muſick, and then blow it up with a whirlwind of Fidling. SONG.

SONG:

THus like a Spark and a Bully o'th' Town,
I Ramble i'th' Streets, and Roam up and down.
No Lover ſo decently ere made approach,
But firſt he debauch'd his dear ſelf in a Coach;
The act being done, to his Miſs with a noiſe
Of ſcraping dull Raſcals, and rabble of boyes,
In Nonſence he chatters the height of his joys.

2.

But your Knight Alamode, your man of pretence,
Who comes arm'd all over with nothing but ſence;
With Gawdy rich Cloths, Perfume, Patch, and Paint;
Can't ſuch a Lover be leſs then a Saint?
For they dreſt all Airie, and Puritie prove,
No bleſſing ſo great, ſo great as your Love.

3.

Your Love, that chief bliſs of our Mortal Eſtate,
Though oftentimes Clouded with envie and hate,
We Slaves muſt admire, and gladly purſue,
Though we loſe both our ſenſes, our pleaſures, and you.
What man that's a Lover, and boldly dare move,
But durſt for enjoyment, forſake all above,
Though that minute he's dam'd, and dam'd for his Love.

[*A Serenade, and then a Dance; all the while they Sing and Dance,* Theocrine *and* Julia *are ſeen in the Balconee.*

Enter Sir Symon Credulous *and* Drayner. Theocrine *and* Julia, *Exit above.*

Sly. Sir, there's your Rival.

Jaſ. Dam

Jaſ. Dam me Sir, you are an Inſipid, Excommunicated, Raſcallian Son of a Whore, and my Rival.

[*Strikes Sir* Symon, *runs back and draws his Sword, Sir* Symon *doth the ſame, and coming towards one another they know each other.*

Sym. What my Quondam friend and noble acquaintance Sir *Jaſper Sympleton.*

Jaſ. My Right Worſhipful, and Pomathematical Bully, Sir *Symon Credulous.* [*They Embrace.*

Sly. Cully *Drayner.*

Dra. Bully *Slywit.* [*They Embrace.*

Sym. And how, and how is't? I Gad who thought to have ſeen you here? the laſt time we ſaw each other, I pawn'd you at the *Roſe* for a Guinny, that little Debauch made a Divorce betwixt us, and have I met thee here? —— [*Embrace again.* but a Pox of your Ceremonious way of Greeting Bully, that ſlap was very ſevere to a friend.

Jaſ. A ſlight way of Complement to a Rival, but dear Rogue let me kiſs thee, —— I Gad I joy to ſee you. ——

[*Embrace again.*

Sym. This is a Rival by his fawning, for I believe a *Sicilian* Rival, and an *Engliſh* Cuckold, are much of a Nature, both loving the man that moſt injures them. —— [*aſide.*

But Bully *Sympleton* what made you here ſo early, bin upon the Ramble I'le warrant you, and ſo came and paid your devoires to the Lady of your beſt affections.

Jaſ. Rot me, if I'm in love with any body but my Landreſs; theſe are only ſome of my flaſhes of Gallantry, to let the City know my merits; but what made you here Bully *Credulous?* To Court a Lady I dare ſwear.

Sym. By my honour no, an unlucky Horſe of mine as I was riding to view the Country, ſtood ſtill with me ſeven miles together, which forc't me to be beholding to the Gentleman of this Houſe for a nights Lodging;

This will do or nothing. — [*aſide.*

But if ever I ride a tir'd Horſe again, poſt me for a Cully.

Jaſ. This may be, but I Gad 'tis very impoſſible.

Enter Theocrine *and* Julia.

Sym. Zounds here comes my Lady, now dare I as well be hang'd as ſpeak to her, for fear of having my throat cut. — [*aſide.*

Jaſ. What a pox ſhall I do now? if I ſpeak, I diſcover my affections, and create a Rival; and if I ſay nothing, I loſe my Miſtreſs. Oh valour, oh valour, what's become of you? —— [*aſide.*

Sly. Sir, why do you not ſpeak to the Lady, ſhe expects you. — [*aſide to* Jaſper.

Jaſ. She may expect me if ſhe pleaſes, but I think I ſhan't ſpeak to her. —— [*to* Slywit.

Dra. Sir, are you not aſham'd to ſtand gaping as if you had loſt your ſpeech? [*to* Symon.

Sym. I Gad I had better loſe my ſpeech, then loſe my life: for if I ſpeak to her, he'l ſpeak to me, and above all things I hate an angry Rival. [*to* Drayner.

Sly. Good Sir recollect your ſelf, your Rival is an arrand Coward, and dares not own before your face his love to *Theocrine*, and ſhould you refuſe to Court her now, ſhe's loſt for ever, ——— [*aſide to* Jaſper.

forward Sir, forward, for ſhame. — [*Puſhes* Jaſper *forward.*

Sym. I Gad I'le venture too, *Drayner* get your Sword ready, and if my Rival offers to draw, diſpatch him decently.

[*Speaks this aſide to* Drayner, *and then goes towards* Theocrine, Jaſper *doth the ſame.*

Jaſ. Honourable Madam.

Sym. Lovely Lady. [*Get your Sword ready* Drayner.

Jaſ. Moſt Aromatick Beauty.

Sym. Divine, Celeſtial, and Odoriferous *Venus.*

Jaſ. The glory of your preſence, makes me ſtoop thus low to kiſs your hand. —— [*Kiſſes her hand.*

Sym. The glory of your preſence makes me bold to kiſs your Is. —— and ſo forth. —— [*Offers to kiſs her.*

Theo. What mean you Sir?

Jaſ. Ay, what mean you Sir?

Sym. Nay, nay, no huffing Bully, no harm upon my honour Madam.

Theo.

Theo. You'r bold Sir, and intrude too far upon the priviledg my Father gave you; but that you are a ſtranger and a Gentleman, I ſhould chaſtiſe the Inſolence.

Jaſ. I would not loſe the honour for a Kingdom, he's my Rival, and that's ſufficient, hum, hum. ——

[*After a Huffing Proud manner.*

Bully *Credulous* you are my friend, —— [*aſide to him.*

Give me your hand, meet me within this minute ——

[*Aloud, after the foregoing manner.*

at the Tavern. —— [*aſide as before.*

Sym. Agreed. —— [*aloud as before.*

Jaſ. Madam your Servant, ſuch ſawcy actions muſt and ſhall be puniſhed, farewell. [*aloud as before.*

[*Exit. Sir* Jaſper *and* Slywit.

Sym. Your Servant Madam; if I fall, ſay you loſt one who lov'd. —— [*After the ſame manner to* Theocrine.

[*Exit. Sir* Symon *with* Drayner.

Theo. The Coxcombs will not fight ſure?

Jul. You need not fear it Madam, their Spirits are too dull for ſuch brave Actions.

Theo. I do not much, yet ſomething troubles me, and what it is I know not.

Jul. Love for *Vanlore* Madam; 'tis true, his vertues merit all your noble thoughts, but his mean fortunes ſo inrage your Father, I fear you'l ne're enjoy him.

Theo. Fathers are Cruel when they think they'r Kind, and more diſturb our reſt by forcing Love, then when they rob us of the Author of it.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, a Meſſenger from *Ardenna* deſires to ſpeak with you.

Theo. Some news from *Vanlore*, now Heav'n I hope is kind.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE Chamber Royal.

Enter Antellus, Glorianda, *Guards, two Sea Captains, and Attendants,*
Antellus *Reading a Letter.*

King. The Letter.

WHen first our full ſpread ſayles were Pregnant grown, and all our hopes grew equal to our wiſhes, a ſpightful Storm ſtretch'd on the wings of all the Clamorous Winds, ſcatter'd our Fleet, whoſe Ruind ſayles hang on the top of Rocks, the darkned Sky proclaims a diſſolution, and the angry Waves aſſault our ſinking Ships: Some hours this Tempeſt held, and on a ſuddain the face of the Heav'n was clear, the Seas grew Calm, and light appear'd, juſt like a new born day, that we might ſee the dreadful Ruin's of our ſcatter'd Fleet, and what bred moſt diſtraction, the Prince's Ship was loſt.

King. How full of fatal changes are our Lives, what is't to be a Monarch, and yet live to be a trembling at ev'ry breath of paſſion? thus when all my thoughts in the fair hopes were calm'd of *Heroina's* ſafe Arrival, then, even then to have 'em ſmother'd in this Cloud of curſt Intelligence.

Glo. Your grief is yet but weak ſuſpitions birth, and happily may prove abortive Sir.

King. Oh *Glorianda*, thou fain wouldſt flatter me to comfort, but the malignity of ſorrow can admit no Cordials; there, there, [*Gives* Glorianda *the Letter, ſhe peruſes it.* unravel the black clew that led me into this dark Labyrinth of grief; and tell me then, if I have ever left hopes to eſcape this growing ſtorm of Paſſion. [Glorianda *having perus'd the Letter, returns it.*

Glo. Sir th'information is moſt ſad, if true.

King. Oh, 'tis too true, too true my *Glorianda*, devouring Seas have cous'ned our Embraces; but ſhall I loſe her thus? Go gather

ther all thoſe Ships that owe obedience to this Iſle; and let their Squadrons ſcour the Seas untill you find her out, or elſe by all that's good, your lives, though an unworthy Sacrifice, ſhall fall an offering to her Fathers loſs. [*Exit. the Sea Captains.*

Shouts within, Enter Oroandes, Zannazarro *and* Amaſia *Guarded.* Oroandes *kneels, and preſents the Priſoners.*

Oro. Thus only may your Enemies Encounter thoſe Beames of ſacred Majeſty, that ſhine through you from the *Sicilian* Diadem.

King. Riſe *Oroandes*, high in our love as wonder; thus joy encounters grief, but is too weak for ſuch a foe.

Glo. I more then doubt poor *Zannarro's* ſafety.
Loves ſecret flames, teach me the way to fear,
And when he moves from life, my death draws near.
[*Weeps.*

King. Why ſo much woman *Glorianda*? Thou but miſpendeſt thy pity on an object, which if not remov'd, will ſoon Eclipſe the brightneſs of our Stars. ——
Go call the Prieſts of *Mars* and *Pallas* hither. [*Exit a Guard.*

Oro. What might this Rage Portend?

Enter the Guards, and two Prieſts.

King. Here take the Priſoners to your charge, and let thoſe Ceremonies be perform'd, by which the tainted blood of Sacrifices, are made Incenſe for the Gods; ſee 'em prepar'd ere the next Morning guilds the Earth.
—— —— —— —— —— Delay
Shall pluck no feathers from the wings of Day,
Ere vengeance meet the Rebels. [*Exeunt Prieſts, and Priſoners.*

Glo. Oh they are loſt, for ever loſt.

Oro. Is't Grief or Reverence that unnerves me thus? Oh my Soul —— thou art too weak, too faintly weak, to move beneath the Chaos of theſe woes.

King. Now *Oroandes* I have time left to Embrace thee, and hug this Cabinet of vertues: yet, I have not in all thy abſence let thy goodneſs ſlide out of my thoughts, witneſs this Lady, in whoſe virgin breaſt, I've ſtrove to plant thy worth. Fight

Fight like a noble Souldier, and so move,
Till noble vertue Conquer Glorious Love.

[*Exit* King *and Attendants.*

Glo. Whither ſtarts my degenerate Spirits? I was born free as *Sicily's* King, and though he is my Brother, ſure I may be allow'd the freedom of my Choice. —— [*Weeps.*

Oro. She weeps.
There's more in this then yet my thoughts can fathom, pardon Lady my unbecoming rudeneſs, I have ſorrows which like an evil Genius on my Soul ſit cloth'd in ſables, and obſcure the light of your bright Glories.

Glo. This is no time to flatter Sir, or move
In theſe diſorders tow'rds the Throne of Love:
A gen'ral ſweetneſs ſhould about us wait,
And not the ſurly frowns of angry fate.
To quench thoſe flames ſo newly are begun,
I'le weep down floods, and drown the riſing Sun.

Oro. To Court your tears, argues a fatal end,
And love thus planted, never can extend.
In Glorious paths of mutual happineſs
We treat the fancy, and expect ſucceſs;
But when before the heart is gone aſtray,
Our Monarchs gifts doth but our lives betray;
And to refuſe what he ſo kindly gave,
Were but to Ruin what we hop'd to ſave.

Glo. Though our affections variouſly do move,
In diff'rent forms of Gratitude and Love;
Yet they'r perhaps of kin, did you but know
From whence th' Original of Grief doth grow.
My Lord I bluſh not to relate, theſe eyes
Drop tears to mollifie the Deities,
Thoſe ſtubborn Gods which ſway the reeling State
Of *Zanuazarro*, and *Amaſia's* Fate.
For him my cares, for her your fears are ſtrong,
Yet they muſt ſuffer for their Fathers wrong.

Oro. Oraculouſly ſpoken, her great Charms,
Have bound me in the Circle of her Arms:

In

In height of Conqueſt they ſurpris'd my Soul,
Her Glories all my Lawrels did controul;
My growing fortune ſtop'd at her bright eyes,
And ſhe commanded all my victories:
To her great Charms my Conqueſt ſoon did bow,
And Lillies ſat tryumphant on her brow.
The Warlike Eagle, and the Phœnix may
Fly to a Wilderneſs and ſhun the day:
While ſhe inveſted in the Roabes of Love,
Darts fiercer Beams, as ſhe to th' Eaſt doth move.

Glo. And can you then ſee ſo much goodneſs fall?
Rather turn Rebel, to ſave them loſe all.

Oro. I have an Army yet, 'tis true, but when
I think on Treaſon they will ſhun me then.
My blood ſhrinks to its Center at a Rebels name,
Scattering a death-like Ague through each vein;
My Nerves ſhrink back at any thing that's ill:
We dam our ſelves when we a Monarch kill.
If all our prayers cannot ſatisfie
An angry King, we'l both Loves Martyrs die.

Glo. I will do ſomething too, ſomething that may
Preſerve my fame as glorious as the day.
Perhaps Sir, our united prayers may move
Heav'n to Compaſſion, and the King to Love.

Oro. My prayers ſhall wait on yours, and if deni'd,
Dying for love with them ſhall be my pride. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE a Tavern.

Sir Jaſper Sympleton, *Sir* Symon Credulous, Drayner *and* Sly-wit, *are diſcovered Drinking.*

Jaſ. Pox this is better then fighting: What ſhould a man of honour that hath an Eſtate, and ſo forth, venture his life for? 'tis enough for poor pittiful little inconſiderate Raſcals, that have no other dependency, but Murder and Hanging.

Sym. True

Sym. True Bully, Pox of fighting I ſay, there's no ſport in it, whoring and drinking I am for, but I hate fighting.

Jaſ. Come lets ſit down then, Sirrah, ſome Wine, here's a health to my Lady, Madam *Theocrine*.

Sym. Done, I'le pledge it, and begin another; here's a health to my Lady, Madam *Theocrine*.

Jaſ. Is ſhe your Lady then?

Sym. My Miſtreſs Sir or ſo, if her Father may be believ'd, I thank him he has confir'd that honour on me.

Jaſ. Why Bully, ſhe is my Miſtreſs too, her ſelf I thank her, confir'd that honour on me.

Sym. Her ſelf Sir?

Jaſ. Yes Sir, ſo I ſaid, her ſelf.

Sym. Nay Pox on't be not angry Bully, give me thy hand, let's drink away ſorrow, and a Pox of Quarrelling.

Jaſ. Quarreling Sir, I ſcorn quarrelling as much as any man, but I hate to be abus'd.

Sym. Abus'd, and ſo do I, my Miſtreſs is my Miſtreſs, and ſo forth, and no Rival ſhall get her from me, I will fight for her in Verſe.

Jaſ. And ſo will I, and I think for Poetry no man can outdo me.

[*They ſit down to write.*

Dra. Was ever ſeen two ſuch inconſiderable Aſſes, men that have no more ſence of honour then a Wood-cock; for my part though I as much abhor fighting as either, yet the fault in them appears ſo odious, I hate my ſelf for being ſuch a Coward.

Sly. In *London* I durſt be a Bully, when incompas'd with an hoſt of Hectors, who have no more honour then courage, yet impudence enough to keep a man out of the honourable path of fighting; grinning Honour is as loathſome to 'em as a grinning Bayliff, and they had rather kill themſelves with Nautious Phyſick, then hazard the breathing of a vein in a juſt Quarrel.

Dra. It becomes neither you nor I to rail at Cowards, having ſo great a ſhare in Cowardize, but rather to be patient and bear our ſufferings (I mean our beatings) without noiſe, that the World may think us men of Wit and Prudence.

Sly. Since we came hither, Sir *Jaſper* with his inſufferable Impertinence, and his unreclaimable Arrogance, has brought me into at

at leaſt ſixteen Quarrels, of which the leaſt had made us Mortal, had not I by my fawning and extream art in wheadling got clear, which makes me cry Pox of fighting, the very thought on't proclaims me *Mortus eſt.*

Dra. I fear my life's at ſtake too, for my quarrelling Coward like a true Bully, *Taundy*, always ſneaks away and leaves me to Capitulate with the Enemy, or elſe Engage to fight, which neither of us have any ſtomach to.

Sly. For my part I commonly ſwear a Quarrel out, not fight it; or take a beating, though with an Oaken Cudgel. This tilting is more dangerous then *Morbus Gallicus* a doſe of *Mercury* is; Heav'n to the point of a Sword.

[*While* Sly *and* Drayner *diſcourſe*, Jaſper *and* Credulous *write, drink, walk, and uſe all the Antick Poſtures of Poets*; Drayner *and* Sly *having done talking*, Jaſper *and* Credulous *riſe, both being near drunk.*

Jaſ. By my Fathers Soul I've done, and without Oſtentation, to as great a height, as —— *When the Sons of the Muſes grew Numerous and loud*, and ſo forth.

Sym. And by your favour I think I have done to a mighty height, and to a greater height then a Lampoon; I have done to the height of *Allebabbela ſu*, and ſo forth.

Jaſ. Thou haſt a notable Paw for Scribling; but for Lampoon, Joak, Jeſt, Jear, and ſo forth, I have the Brain.

Sym. And I have a Brain too, but let that paſs; to the verſes, to the verſes, come Bully lets hear the verſes.

Jaſ. Divine —— [*Reads.*

Sym. [*Laughing,*] — He has made an Angel of her already. Divine, —— Oh horrid, there's an Epithte for a Lady, pray when did you hear that a Divine was a Lady, or of a divine Lady? ha, ha, ha.

Jaſ. Sir, 'tis a flight, and a great deal better then Diabollical. [*Reads affectedly.*

Divine, Celeſtial, and Soul Charming fair,
Why wer't thou made ſo glorious and ſo rare,
Only to run us Mortals to deſpair?

How do'ſt like 'em Bully?

Sym. They

Sym. They are very rare, monstrous fair, and damnable despairing verses indeed, but is here all?

Jas. Yes and enough too, a man that writes sence should not write above three lines a day. Give me Premeditation, I say Premeditation, for that's the staff of Poetry.

Sym. But by your favour I think my Song here without Premeditation, is as good as your Divine Celestial and Soul Charming business. Bully, your Judgment.

SONG.

THE joyes of Debauch in the Night are most sweet,
When Passion and Guinnies with a Doxy we meet;
Though she plyes up and down
Like a Miss of the Town,
To oblige ev'ry Cully will give her a Crown,
Yet I Gad she'l be kind to him she approves,
And depositе her dust to the man that she loves.

2.

Oh the pleasant Harang of a Citizens Wife,
Who loves to oblige a dear Spark with her life;
Her Husband poor Cully,
For fear of the Bully
Sits Mumping at home,
While abroad she doth Roam.
At Night being Cloy'd by Debauch and its Charms,
She's asleep when the Cuccold should melt in her Arms.

I think if Wit, Sence and Judgment, be commendable in an Author without Premeditation, I have it to excess.

Jas. But where's the business?

Sym. What business?

Jas. Why the Lady.

Sym. Pox of business and the Lady too, do I look like a man of business?

Jas. Then by my Fathers Soul you'r a dull senseless Rascal, and

have

have no more Wit, then a Poetical Theif, for your Song is mere Nonſence.

Sym. I Gad who can help it ? if it is Nonſence, it is Nonſence; but in my mind 'tis admirable good ſence, you ſhall hear it again.

[*Offers to Read it,* Jaſper *ſnatches it out of his hand, and tears it.*

Jaſ. I'le have no more Reading of Songs, dull witleſs Songs, that have no more ſence in 'em then I have.

Sym. Now has he ſpoil'd a Copy of the hopefulleſt Verſes in *Europe*, and an Original too.

Jaſ. Here, here, are the lines, theſe are the moving lines, and ſo forth. [Credulous *ſnatches the Paper, tears it, and flings the pieces away.*

Sym. Yes they are moving lines, ſee how they flutter.

Jaſ. Villain you have abus'd Poetry it ſelf, and I will be reveng'd, I will have a Seſſion of Poets ſhall damm thee Ibraimattically, lead thee to School by the Noſe and Chaſtiſe thy Inſolence.

Sym. And I will have —— your obliging and faithful Servant to command, and ſo forth.

Dra. You are not going Sir, are you ?

Sym. Yes to Challeng him, we Poets dare not fight, do you hear Bully, I hate to be abus'd, and ſo forth, meet me to morrow.

Jaſ. Where ?

Sym. Any where.

Jaſ. What hour ?

Sym. Any hour.

Jaſ. The weapon ?

Sym. What weapon you will.

Jaſ. I ſhall not fail.

Sym. Farewel. —— [*Exit* Sym. *and* Drayner.

Jaſ. Is he gone ?

Sly. Yes, and hath left you to pay the Reckoning,

Jaſ. 'Tis no matter, it ſhall be the laſt I'le warrant you; to morrow is the day,

Till then rich Wine ſhall my dull brains inſpire,
Cowards are Valliant when the head's all fire. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Temple.

Enter Oroandes *with* Amaſia, *his Sword drawn, and a Prieſts Roabes in his hand.*

Oro. This fair *Amaſia* was a happy hour
To Reſcue thee from ſuch a Villains pow'r.
Luſt in theſe Roabs ſo dreadful did appear,
Beyond an Armies ſtrength it made me fear.
Ama. The Impious Villain in ſuch Crimes did move,
Striving to force what he at firſt cal'd Love;
That I almoſt miſtruſted Heav'n, who gave
Such ſawcy Boldneſs to th' injurious Slave,
Till you my chief Protector came with aid,
And th' injurious Maſs of ſin diſplay'd.
Oro. Under this Maſque of Heav'n, and Silver age,
The impious Rebel 'mongſt his ſins did rage.
The blooming beauty of a fragrant flower,
To crop, and kill, while it was in his pow'r.
The Slaves confeſſion may perhaps ingage
Our King in Clemency to ceaſe his rage.
Thoſe Counterplots laid to prevent your fall,
Though ſeeming Ominous, may ſave us all.
Theſe Roabs which he has ſo abus'd, ſhall prove
The Guardian Angel to preſerve my love.
Ama. Run not ſuch dangerous hazards for her ſake,
Who knows no way to pay your favours back.
By the King, Vow and Laws, I'm doom'd to die,
A minute cuts off my Mortality;
And then my Gratitude and Debts remain
Too Great and Vaſt, ere to pay back again.
Oro. All the return I ask for, or deſire,
Is but your equal love, and equal fire:
Grant I in death may ſo much comfort meet,
To fall a Lover at *Amaſia's* feet.

Ama. You

Ama. You had my word before, and if ere Fate
Changes my doom for a ſerener fate,
Before the Gods and you, I vow, that hour
Amaſia ſhall ſubmit to your great pow'r.
Your Chains I'le wear, and give up Victory,
The toyles of War, for brave Captivity.
To be o'recome by one, ſo truly brave,
Makes a moſt Glorious Captive of your Slave.

Oro. Thoſe noble Chains I'le wear, and tryumph more
Then ere I did in Conquering before.
To be your Slave is ſuch a pleaſing fate,
The mighty bleſſing doth my fears rebate.
In Life, or Death, or ſmooth fac'd Victory,
No pleaſures like this ſweet Captivity.

Ama. We ſoon muſt part with all thoſe joys and breath,
How e're I ſhall be happy in my death.
If Life with you be bliſs, Death muſt be more,
Since real happineſs is there in ſtore
For all who do a true Loves fate deplore.

Oro. Think not of death, firſt ſee *Oroandes* fall,
And let a ſigh attend his Funeral:
For whilſt I live, no force ſhall reach thy heart.
When I am wounded in each mortal part,
And bleeding death about my Soul doth wait,
Prepare *Amaſia* to receive thy fate:
Till then my pow'r and this diſguiſe believe
Either of theſe may bring a ſafe repreive.

Ama. Thus to prophane the holy Roabs, will be
A greater trouble then the loſs of me.
Heaven will be angry at your ſtrange pretence,

Oro. Heav'n cannot frown to ſave ſuch innocence;
They what we Sacrifice injuſtice call,
Elſe vertue would be baniſh'd from us all.
Vertue expatiates to blot out Vice,
Reaching her Glorious Arms to Paradiſe:
And if we root that Angel from the Earth,
Our weak humanity is out of breath:

For that conducted by the Powers above,
Teaches the way to Duty and to Love.
Come my fair Sacrifice, theſe Roabs can be
Never prophan'd, worn to deliver thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE the Court.

Enter Antellus, Glorianda *and Guards.*

King. URge me no more, the Gods have ſo decreed,
Amaſia and her Brother both muſt bleed.
Glo. Conſider Sir the Nature of the Crime,
And for my ſake withdraw your Rage this time;
Look on *Amaſia*'s Charms, and then declare,
If Zeal and Beauty are not both at War.
The Cruel Tyrant to ſecure his own,
Uſurps this beauty to enrich his Throne.
King. You ſue in vain for what muſt be deni'd,
The Gods preſcrib'd this way to ſcourge their pride.
Glo. Call not that Pride which was Revenge alone,
Nor is it Juſtice Sir to Kill the Son.
Your veng'ance ſcourg'd the Rebels as they flew,
And ev'ry factious man your Valour ſlew:
You ſtrong Rebellion hunted out of breath,
Which Sir expir'd in brave *Zoranzo*'s death.
King. The fathers fall did but foment him more,
Proving a greater Rebel then before;
Still he grew on and in Rebellion mov'd,
Glo. Your ſelf Sir by a Son would be belov'd:
His Fathers Death new veng'ance did implore,
Could he do leſs for one had fought before:

Rebellious Nature did the faction head,
And he fought only to revenge the Dead:
His Army weak, wounded on ev'ry part,
Fought not to Conquer, but Revenge their ſmart.

King. Why for the bold Uſurper do you move,
I ſhall grow angry, and believe you love.

Glo. You gave me leave, and made a worthy choice;
Brave *Oroandes* had my Brothers voice;
But he, as well as I, preſerves a flame
For dead *Zoranzo*'s Iſſue.

King. ——— Dare you name
An Act ſo baſe, to love your Countries foe,
He dies, and never ſhall your paſſions know.
The Gods expect their Sacrifice with care,
And 'cauſe you ſhall not languiſh in diſpair,
Againſt to morrow for their Deaths prepare.

Glo. What have I ſaid that ſhould your anger move?
If you will ſave his Life, I will not love;
Let him but live, and I'le forget the wrong,
Though love is grown too pow'rful and too ſtrong
With eaſe to be remov'd; in youth when firſt
Kind converſation in each eye had nurſt
A gentle Cupid, and our hearts though poor,
Wanting th' effects of love could love no more;
Down with content we by each other ſate,
Weeping to think upon our Childiſh fate,
Till he, forc'd by a Fathers pride did flie
From me, and honour to your Enemy:
Though then he loſt obedience to the Crown,
A mutual love did our Souls Current drown
Within one Silver ſtream; and ſhall I now
Cauſe his dejected ſtate to fate doth bow
Kill him with pride, whoſe noble growth would be
A joyful Harveſt of felicity?
No, let his Titles Sacrifices fall
To his firſt Guilt, his Vertue merits all.

King. Call Treaſon Vertue, and the Traytor juſt?
Rebellion's a deſire to Rule, and Luſt
Of Empire makes 'em break their truſt.

ill Acts committed, by ſucceſs made good,
And Nations ſtaggering for want of blood
Drawn out by Civil ſtrifes and unjuſt fears,
Are only debts to Nature in Arrears:
You know my Vow which I will ne're evade.

Glo. Heav'n bluſhes when that bloody Vow is paid:
If he muſt fall, the worthieſt of men,
Heav'n will be pleas'd with Sacrifices then;
My blood and his ſhall mount up to the Skys,
And feed the Noſtrils of our Deities,
Till they in Rage to ſee ſuch goodneſs fall,
Rain down our blood on veng'ance on ye all:
Amaſia's Charms ſhall with ſuch ſwiftneſs move
The Gods out of meer pity from above
Shall plague you all, when 'tis too late, with Love.

[*Exit* Glorianda.

King. Amaſia's *Charms ſhall with ſuch ſwiftneſs move*
The Gods out of meer pity from above
Shall plague you all, when 'tis too late, with Love.
What can ſhe mean? 'Twas ſpoke as ſhe did ſpy
The little Tyrant dancing in my eye.
Something unruly doth about me wait,
Like hidden Charms my anger to rebate;
The ſurly motion tells me I do ill,
Can I pretend to be a King and kill?
Amaſia was no Rebel to the State,
Why therefore ſhould ſhe ſhare a Brothers Fate?
'Tis true, her life did from that ſpring take head,
And ſhe may own thoſe factions which they bred;
How ere ——
If ſhe can love ſhe lives, if not ſhe dies,
Bring then a Rebel fit for Sacrifice,
Call *in Amaſia*, —— though her Charms appear

[*Exit ſome Guards.*

So uncontroul'd, they muſt ſubmit to fear,
Fearful to try what joy or bliſs would be
Found while they'r ſtrangers in Eternity.

[*Enter* Amaſia.

Having

Having consider'd Madam your Estate,
And how each Title now submits to Fate,
I could not chuse but rob the Gods of one,
One only fit for *Siracusia*'s Throne.

Ama. To say I've no desire to live, would prove
A Barren Gratitude for Royal Love;
Death though a debt, which is to Nature due,
We all would fain prolong, and so would you:
But how I am thus blest, being so nigh
The welcome brink of Immortality,
Staggers my Faith and strikes my Reason blind.

King. You'l make all perfect by your being kind.

Ama. I know so well you love that Conquerour,
Who made us Captive to your mighty Pow'r;
You'd not deny, might it with safety be
My Brothers Life, my Love and Liberty.

King. Your Liberty without dispute I grant,
Yet all those Graces must your Brother want;
His Life must be to Heav'n a Sacrifice,
Your own is Ransom'd by your Charming eyes.

Ama. What have I heard, shall *Zannazarro* find
His Sister prov'd so weak to stay behind?
Must he alone stoop to the Cruelty?
I was a Rebel Sir as well as he.

King. In acts of Love you but a Rebel prove,
Conqu'ring the Conquerour, yet scorn to Love:
He ———
Wading through blood to Massacre did run,
Outdid the Father, to undo the Son.

Ama. My Fathers Crimes he never did partake;
Kill me, and spare him then for Honours sake:
Nature can never consent to stay behind,
He is my Brother, and in that I find
Some secret motion, though my love be strong,
Which tells me that I needs must go along:
Thus Love and Nature struggle in desires,

King. Consider Madam who it is admires,
And the vast gift I give to quench my fires.

Ama. You

Ama. You give me life which I would gladly take,
(Might he live too) for brave *Or'andes* ſake:
Affections 'twixt the Victor and the Slave
So ſtrong are knit, they both will ſhare one Grave;
Then if he die, *Or'andes* too muſt fall,
And Heav'n will bluſh to ſee the Funeral:
The Gods made drunk with ſuch a vaſt expence
Of Royal blood, will pardon us from thence.

King. You love *Or'andes* then, and for his ſake,
This tedious Pilgrimage of Death will take;
Charm'd by your Charms, I gave Reprieve for life,
In hopes you would conſent to be my Wife;
But ſince to him your faith's already giv'n,
This day you keep your Nuptial feaſt in Heav'n;
You by the Law muſt fall a Sacrifice;
He only out of duty to your eyes,
May if he pleaſe tranſlate himſelf from hence,
Death will confirm what now is but pretence.
Guards bring this Priſoner to the Temple ſtreight,
My Love ſhall end when ſhe receives her Fate.

[*Exit* King *and attendants.*

Enter Glorianda.

Glo. Go Cruel Brother, who at once withſtood
His Friend, his Siſter, and his Countries good,
And all to ſatisfie the Gods with blood.
You weep *Amaſia*, and thoſe pearly tears
Confirm my Brothers rage, and my own fears;
His Cruel heart will no impreſſion take
From bended Knees, kind Words, or Natures ſake.

Ama. Yes he is kind, too kind alas for me,
He gen'rouſly gave me Liberty,
Urging, my Crime ſo little did appear,
Heav'n could not ſee't, and he'd forget it here;
But then the recompence I was to give,
Prov'd ſo ſevere, my Juſtice could not live.
Brave *Oroandes* I muſt diſpoſſeſs,
And make him rich in my unhappineſs,

Which

Which once deny'd, he then my Death decreed.
Glo. The Chaſt *Amaſia* not alone ſhall bleed,
For *Zannazarro* I, *Oroandes* You,
Dying together will proclaim us true;
He in our fall ſhall ſo much vertue ſee,
When we'r extracted from humanity,
As Heav'n ſhall turn to ſmooth felicity.
Ama. My Cares are many for your noble life,
Since you ought not to ſuffer in the ſtriſe,
Earth will be Rob'd when ſo much goodneſs dies,
And Heav'n be too much ſtor'd with Sacrifice.
Live and be happy in a ſecond choice,
Or'andes once has had your Brothers voice;
Let him poſſeſs in *Zannazarro*'s ſtead,
All the enjoyments of a Nuptial Bed;
I can reſign that bleſſing up to you,
And I am ſure you'r ſatisfi'd he's true.
Glo. In Life and Death ſo generous you prove,
In Heav'n you'l be rewarded for your Love.
Know fair *Amaſia*, though you did reſign
Your int'reſt, I can never remove mine;
Death's but a toy, a moments fear, and then
We Launch into a World of Bliſs again.
Ama. I for that World muſt inſtantly prepare,
And how to know you there ſhall be my care.
Shrouded in Clouds of glorious innocence,
And Angels waiting on each petty ſence,
Shall draw our Souls through Clouds of bliſs from hence.

SCENE a Wood.

Enter Sir Symon Credulous *Arm'd Cap a Pe, with him* Slywit.

Sly. Believe me Sir, 'tis true.
Sym. I fear him not, I am intollerable, this caſe of Steel makes me as free from wound, as if enchanted.

Sly. Yet Sir there is a greater danger near, the Wood is lin'd with men in Arms, whom he hath hir'd, if you ſhould be the Victor, to cut your throat; if he ſurvive, to drag your Body to the Sea, and there intomb it, that your name and actions may be loſt to future ages.

Sym. How! is he ſo great a Villain?

Sly. He Kil'd his Father, Raviſh'd his Siſter, Poys'ned the Great Turk, and has committed outrages innumerable.

Sym. Then I think it fit to forbear the honourable employment of fighting for this time, and go home, rather then ſtay to meet with theſe unavoidable dangers.

Sly. Sir I love you, and I cannot ſee ſo much vertue periſh, fight him in ſpight of all, and at convenient time fall down; Sir *Jaſper* imagining you are dead, will fly; behind the Caſtle waits your Father with Officers to ſeize him, and hurry him to Priſon, to give you the more privileg and uncontroul'd freeneſs to Marry his Daughter.

Sym. Can this be true?

Sly. Upon my honour Sir, my love to you forc'd me to be a Traytor to my Maſter, and relate this ſecret.

Sym. It ſhan't go unrewarded.

Sly. You won't walk long before my Miſtreſs meet you, farewell.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Sir Jaſper *Arm'd Cap a pe, with him* Drayner.

Dra. Nay he has vow'd to kill you; your Armour were it more impregnable, the *Mambroſia's Helmet*, his Sword will find a paſſage through.

Jaſ. Tell Sir *Symon* I am Arm'd all over: if Wine, Steel, and Impudence, are not enough t'oppoſe one ſingle Hector, Rot me for a *Wigeon*; I am come with a fighting Reſolution, and will not be appeas'd, tell this thy Maſter.

Dra. I'm ſorry Sir you will not take my Counſel. Farewell.

[*Exit* Drayner.

Jaſ. Counſel when a man is come to fight for honour! here is the only counſel a Knight Errand ought to take ——

[*Pulls out a Bottle.*

A reſolution thus fortified need not fear th' oppoſition of a ſingle Arm. [*Drinks.*

Enter

Enter Sir Symon *and* Sly.

Sym. How in Armour, Zounds this is hard, he is wall'd in as well as I am, and the Devil cannot kill him, drinking too, nay then Valor aſſiſt me. [*Offers to fall on.*

Jaſ. Hold Sir, hold, a fair Capitulation before fighting is as good as Tent and Eggs before Matrimony. Are you diſpos'd to fight?

Sym. Yes.

Jaſ. Then Sir begin.

Sym. You'l take the Law then, for moſt Cowards when they think they cannot overcome, either take that for Sanctuary, or pretend your Enemy is not Gentele enough to fight with a man of honour, and thus you Cowardly ſhun the danger of a fight.

Jaſ. Sir your affront's unſufferable, prepare.

[*Here they fight at a diſtance, moving by degrees till they meet; after a ſhort diſpute,* Symon *falls, as ſoon as he is down* Sly *runs off crying Murder.*

Jaſ. Ha dead, nay then 'tis time to prepare for ſafety.

[*A noiſe within of follow follow, Enter* Sly.

Sly. Fly Sir, fly, the Officers and Guards o'th' City, like blood-Hounds bend their Courſe this way, therefore begon or elſe expect to meet a ſhameful Death.

Jaſ. If this be honour, the Devil take fighting for me, grinning honour I defy thee. —— [*Within follow follow.* Let me but eſcape this time, and if ever you find me in the Bed of honour, the Field of danger again, hang me for a Woodcock.

[*Exit* Jaſper.

Sly. So, thou art ſafe, now for the other. [*Stands aſide.*

[Symon *raiſes himſelf, and looks about him.*

Sym. I am not dead yet, thanks to my Caſe of Steel; how like an Aſs *Sympleton* will look when he ſhall hear I have Married Madam *Theocrine*, ha, ha, ha, —— [*Laughs within, follow follow.* ha, follow, follow, what means this?

Enter Sly *Running.*

Sly. Fly, fly Sir *Symon*, my Maſters men are eager to find your Body, ſearch up and down the Wood, under pretence of following the Murder, that they without the leaſt ſuſpition may convey it to the Sea.

Sym. Zounds I'm not dead yet, what's to be done in this caſe.

Sly. Fly

Sly. Fly to the City Sir with expedition, there for a time ſhelter your ſelf, till the noiſe of this fight be over, and Sir *Jaſper* impriſoned; then break out like the Sun ſlipping from behind a Cloud, and Comfort your Dear Lady.

Sym. Was ever Conqueſt eaſier gain'd, or Conquerour thus treated? [*Exit Sir* Symon.

Sly. Now both ſhift for your ſelves, this noiſe has rais'd the Town, and 'twill be hard to 'ſcape the Inquiſition. [*Exit* Sly.

SCENE a Tavern.

Four or Five Citizens are diſcover'd drinking. Enter Sir Jaſper Sympleton *in his Armor as affrighted, a noiſe of follow, follow, ſtill.*

Jaſp. Follow, follow, follow, now the Devil follow you, cannot a man Conquer decently, but he muſt have thoſe blood Hounds after him. Where am I? [*Spies the Company.* Ha, in a Tavern, and amongſt theſe grave Citizens, nay then without a great deal of impudence, I am loſt for ever; that vertue now aſſiſt me, [*Stalks up to the Table, and ſnatches a Bottle of Wine, the Company ſeeing him, ſtart up and run away, as frighted, crying a Devil, a Devil, a Devil.*

So this is well, I'm taken for a Devil, and I hope I ſhall be, till I get home to my Lodging: Ha what's here? ——— [*Spies the figure in the* Scene. the figure of a man in Armor, then I'le make another, perhaps that way I may eſcape the ſearch: by your leave Monſter I muſt imitate you. [*Stands upon a Pedeſtal, and imitates the poſture of the figure. Enter Sir* Symon *in his Armor running, within follow.*

Sym. Confuſion take you all for me, can a man of no honour be ſafe? this 'tis to pretend to fighting; I ſee there's more ſafety in being a Cowardly Gentleman, then to be an honourable Commander, [*A noiſe within as of a Rabble.* Ha! they are there, at the door, the very door by Heav'n, and I ſhall be *in ſalve Cuſtodius* preſently, what's here, [*Spying the figure, and Sir* Jaſper. two in Armor, I Gad I'le make a third, that way or none I may eſcape

escape the Inquisition. [*Stands upon the other Pedestal imitating Sir* Jasper.

Enter a Drawer.

Draw. What's the matter here I wonder, these Citizens are afraid of their own shadows, one runs this way crying a Devil, a Devil, a Devil, a second this, a third, a fourth, and a fifth this way, all running and roaring as if they were possest with a Devil indeed, a company of Cowardly Rascals, had they no more mony then valour I might properly say, they were Beggarly Cowards; ha there's a brace of Devils indeed, — in the name of — the Devil, the Devil, the Devil. —— [*Exit running.*

Enter Constable and Watchmen, Sly *dress like a Constable.*

Con. Search the House, here they went in for certain, leave not one Room unlook'd in, while my Brother and I solace our selves with a Bottle of Wine, —— [*Exit Watchmen.* Come Brother, you and I, as we have participated in several Nocturnal Dangers, and also shar'd the Profits, will steal so much time to share a Bottle, or so. [*They sit down, and lean their staves against the Arms of* Jasper *and* Symon *which are extended.*

Sly. Withal my heart, and see how fortune blesses us, here is plenty of the thing we ask for: Brother a health to our happy success in finding out the Murderer.

Con. Agreed. [*They drink and fling the remainder in Sir* Jaspers *and Sir* Symon's *faces.*

Sly. Another health to the Gold which perhaps they will give us to blind our eyes.

Con. Agreed. [*They drink, and fling the remainder as before.* And now here is another health to —— [*As they are going to drink,* Symon *and* Jasper *break the Glasses.* by my Staff of Office, what sawcy Rogue was that? he deserves punishment from the hands of Justice, but 'tis no matter, we will drink each a Bottle, and that shall be to Majesty it self.

[*While they are drinking,* Jasper *and* Symon *with their feet fling down the Table, the Constables start up.*

Sly. Ha what means this, we are Enchaunted sure.

[Jasper *and* Symon *jump down from the Pedestals, and dance up to the Constables, who run off, crying, begon, stand off, we are the Kings Officers,* &c. Jasper *and* Symon *still dance up and down, both performing the same Antick postures, till meeting face to face, they stand gazing upon each other.*

Sym. What,

Sym. What, Bully *Sympleton*?

Jaſ. What Bully *Credulous*? are you alive ſtill?

Sym. Yes, as ſure as we are both Cowards; I ſee 'tis more dangerous for Gentlemen to fight, then for Church-wardens to rob the poor; we may be hang'd yet if we are taken.

Jaſ. For that trick, to avoid trouble, I'le go home, 'tis dark enough to keep ſuſpition off.

Sym. And ſo will I,

From hence forth, honour I'le no more purſue
Then ſhe doth Cowards, that's both I and you.

Jaſ. Had we been valiant we had bin no more,
Death ſav'd our lives, that we might ſave a ſcore. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Temple.

Antellus, Glorianda, Arratus, Theocrine *and Guards are diſcover'd.*

King. Thou look'ſt too ſadly *Glorianda*; though Funerals do attend the day, we'r not to wear the ſables on our Souls.

Glo. My ſadneſs Sir only proceeds from fear, how my frail temper may endure a fight ſo full of horror.

[*Loud Muſick, Enter at one door the Prieſts of* Mars *leading* Zannazarro *bound, follow'd by Prieſts in white, with Cenſors and Sacrificing Inſtruments; at the other,* Oroandes *dreſt like a Prieſt of* Pallas, *leading* Amaſia *bound, Virgins in white following with Cenſors and Sacrificing Inſtruments.*

King. My Rage begins to melt, I could e'en wiſh they might ſurvive the rigor of their doom.

Glo. Muſt I ſee this and live? No *Zannazarro*, here's my Convoy to thee. [*Draws a Dagger.*

[*The Prieſts lead 'em to the Altar, where unbinding their Arms, they give 'em liberty to embrace each other.*

Zan. So now *Amaſia*, we have ended all our employments on the Earth: the wheels of Time worn on the road of Age, will loſe their motions, ere we ſhall again meet in the Robes of fleſh: Farewell,
Though in a Moment here our Bodies die,
Our Souls ſhall meet in vaſt Eternity;

Inſeperably

Inſeperably in the Clouds we both ſhall move,
Treading on Air teaching the Gods to love;
There walking hand in hand ſuch tales we'l tell,
As ſhall Immortalize our joys —— Farewell.
Ama. Farewell dear Brother; if thy Soul do move,
And take thy flight ere mine to dwell above,
Stay for me in the thin unmoulded Air,
For fear your loſs ſhould kill me with deſpair.

[Zannazarro *and* Amaſia *are led to the Altar,*
(where whilſt they kneel this Song is ſung.

SONG:

SEE each wind leaves Civil Wars,
And Heav'n approves the Sacrifice;
Whilſt to behold it all the Stars
Glitter to light the Deities.
Cho. *Peace reigns through ev'ry Element,*
Whilſt this bleſt pair to Heav'n are ſent.

2.

Sparta's *fair* Ephigenia *di'd*
A ſpotted Sacrifice to this,
Bright Nymph compar'd, whoſe Virgin pride
Sayes Nature nought hath done amiſs.
Cho. *Yet ſhe muſt live where Time ſhall be*
Confounded in Eternity.

3.

Prepare, prepare, the fatal ſtroke
Which Life and Soul muſt ſeperate,
Goodneſs may pity not revoke
The firm Decrees of certain fate.
Cho. *They come, they come, their ways prepare,*
And lead 'em through the pathleſs Air,
Lead 'em to live where Time ſhall be
Confounded in Eternity.

[*The Prieſts offer to ſtrike, but are hindred by* Oroandes; *a clap of Thunder, Groanes and Shrieks throughout the Temple, the Prieſts Robes are ſpotted with blood, the Images of the Gods drop down.*

King. What horrid Prodigies are theſe? The Gods are ſure grown angry with our Prayers.

Oro. I have bin long attendant on theſe Powers, yet never ſaw the Gods thus mov'd before.

King. They'r ſure diſpleas'd with Offerings ſo Pure, or elſe ſome hidden Charms unknown to us hath wrought this Miracle.

Oro. Here, here lies the guilt of our impieties; 'tis I deſerve the utmoſt of your rage. [Oroandes *diſcovers himſelf.*

King. Ha! *Oroandes* what damn'd Impoſture's this?

[*Soft Muſick from above, the Images are rais'd again.*

Oro. The argument of Mercy from the Gods emboldens me to ſeek the like from you. My violent paſſions forc'd my love into ſtrange labyrinths of attempts; but what I firſt trembling with guilt did undertake, theſe Miracles have prov'd Legitimate.
When *Amaſia* into the inmoſt Room was of the Temple brought, reſolv'd to bear her from the Rigor of her doom, I had thither in private firſt convey'd my ſelf, attending on the hour when the Prieſt with his ſad charge ſhould enter, which arriv'd, I that came there to offer Sacriledg ſaw my ſelf ordain'd the Inſtrument of Heaven, to free her from the hands of a fowl Raviſher.

King. This dreadful ſtory ſtrikes trembling Earthquakes throughout all my Limbs.

Oro. That this is true, witneſs thoſe Powers which own'd that cauſe, which I (though raſhly) undertook.

King. Pardon me ye Diviner Powers, — I have been too neglective of the charge you gave me, but will redeem it in my future Zeal: that Villains blood forc'd out by Tortures, ſhall begin the Purple Deluge. [*To* Zannazarro *and* Amaſia *who kneel.*
I muſt forget thoſe Crimes, Heav'n hath been pleas'd freely to forgive; riſe higher in our favour then was that exalted Story from whence your Father fell. [*They riſe.*

Oro. Mountains of grief fall from my burthen'd Soul in their delivery; but your Soverain Mercy muſt either with one Cordial more relieve my ſickly hopes, or I am loſt for ever.

King. Thy actions ſpeak thy wiſhes — Here *Oroandes* take from my hand this gift from Heav'n, ſhe's thine by their decree.

[*Gives him* Amaſia, Zannazarro *kneels.*

Zan. Ere your extended Mercy ſhall contract it's liberal hand, let me

me be happy in the full fruition of my joys; my love to *Glorianda*, though long ſmother'd in my fates ſecurity, muſt now break out.

King. Thy thoughts arrive cloth'd in the Robes of joy: Riſe *Zannazarro* — Imbrace in her thy happineſs.

[Zannazarro *riſes, the* King *gives him* Glorianda.

Now all your Seas are calm'd, only my Barque ſtill ſtands in oppoſition 'gainſt the wave,

And it ſhall ſtruggle with the Storm to ſhow
To ſhow how much we to this days deliv'ry owe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE the *Sicilian* Plaines.

Enter Vanlore *like a Shepherd leading in* Heroina *wet as from a wreck, Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.*

Van. COme Lady, you muſt now inhabit here
In ſilent ſhades and ſolitary Groves,
Where Ruſtick ſweetneſs makes us void of fear,
And harmleſs Nature teacheth harmleſs Loves.
The Morning Dew drawn up by *Sols* ſtrong Charms,
Is not more ſafe when lock'd within his Arms,
Then you protected by our Innocence.

Her. Sir, if theſe words prove not a bare pretence,
I ſhall have cauſe to thank your care, and be
Happy 'mongſt you, though cloth'd in miſery.

Van. Time will wear out the thoughts of dangers paſt,
And you may be releas'd from griefs at laſt;
Though in the Storm you left Eſtates behind,
Your life ſecures the ſafety of your mind:
A troubled fancy Robs the Soul of reſt;
That man may be ſecur'd, but never bleſt,
For they who do within ſuch Wars maintain,
Diſtract their Reaſon to ſecure their Pain.

Her. But pains like mine do ſeize on ev'ry part,
Enſnares the Soul to Captivate the Heart;

My many troubles like a Clouded Sky,
Declare ſome ſudden Storm of dangers nigh.
Van. You but ſuſpect thoſe ills you need not fear,
And danger Madam's unacquainted here.
Her. Wealth I have none to loſe, or to beſtow,
My Gratitude is all, and that I'le owe;
Which may in time to ſuch a greatneſs riſe,
I ſhall return thoſe thanks you'l not deſpiſe.
Van. I wiſh the Curtain of your Fate may be
Drawn from the face of ſmooth felicity:
Wounds are not cur'd by Grief, nor Fate made leſs
Or more by hopes of harms or happineſs:
Let Madam all our Vows diſperce your fears,
Time loſt can't be pul'd back by ſighs or tears.
Her. Yet ſilent Griefs a troubled heart may eaſe,
And Paſſion vented mittigates diſeaſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Arratus* Lodgings.

Enter Slywit, Theocrine *in mans clothes, and a Shepherd.*

Sly. Sir, to your charge I do commit the Fare:
Be her ſafe conduct, ſhe'l reward your care.
Shep. For *Valore's* ſake my duty I'le expreſs,
Nor Madam for your own could I do leſs.
Theo. I can but thank you, yet in time I may
Find out a means your ſervices to pay;
My Gratitude till then you ſhall employ,
Take that, and lead me to a World of joy. [*Exeunt. manet* Sly.
Sly. So thus far I'm right, and all my plots thrive equal with my wiſhes; I have perſwaded Sir *Symon*, Sir *Jaſper's* in Priſon, and that I have got *Theocrines* conſent to Celebrate the Marriage this Morning; a Bride I have provided, and ſuch a one as (Heav'n knows) are too common in this Age, a debauch'd Chamber-maid, one as fit for Sir *Jaſper's* humour, as a Taylor for a Cowcumber; he promis'd to meet me here, but has not kept his word, I hope he has not found the cheat, but here he comes. [*Enter Sir* Jaſper.
Haſt haſt to the Temple Sir, you'l loſe your Miſtreſs elſe; within a Room behind the Altar waits a Prieſt, and all things are in readineſs.
Jaſ. But. ——— *Sly.* But

Sly. But me no Buts, but get you gone I ſay; delay a minute and you'r undone for ever. [*Puſhes him off.* So he's gone, and I within this hour ſhall be reveng'd at full: how ſweet thoſe actions are, when we project for Guinnies. By this time *Drayner*'s ready with his Mask to entertain 'em; and if that and Sir *Jaſper*'s Wife make not Matrimony odious, I'le never plot again.

Wives juſt like Fools, are only kept to pleaſe,
Delight dull Appetites, and bring us eaſe;
Their various ways to Pleaſure we adore,
Which once ſeen over, we admire no more.
Things oft repeated, though they pleaſant prove,
Nautiate and dull the ſtomach like fond Love.
Things in extreams are ills to ev'ry ſenſe,
And though a while they pleaſe us with pretence,
Both once enjoy'd the prudent baniſh hence. [*Exit.*

SCENE the Temple.

Enter a Prieſt of Hymen, then Arratus, *and then Sir* Symon *leading* Julia *dreſt like* Theocrine.

Arra. This is the day, Son, makes us happy, you in the hopes of ſuch a vertuous Wife, and I to ſee both Married. And Daughter (ſince your duty ſpeaks you ſo) I hope this joyful day will Crown your Loves, and add Eternal Comforts to your Lives. Lead to the Altar. [*As they go up to the Altar the ſuppos'd Ghoſt of* Vanlore *appears,* Julia *and the Prieſt ſhriek and run off ſeverally,* Arratus *falls down, Sir* Symon *offers to run out, but is ſtop'd at ev'ry entrance by a Spirit.*

SONG. By the Spirits.

1 Spi. *Make haſt, make haſt,*
The time doth waſt
And flyes too faſt.
Cho. *Therefore Remove*
Theſe ſinners from their bliſs Above,
For they muſt ſhare
With us in Everlaſting Care.

2 Spi.

2.

2 Spi. *Remember old man, and ye ſprightly young Blade,*
The Lover, the Lover, to death was betray'd;
At Ardenna *by you he was ſtrangely remov'd,*
Becauſe he too fondly purſu'd what he lov'd.
3 Spi. *For which you ſhall be*
Tormented by me,
For ever, for ever, by him, and by me.
Cho. *For which,* &c.

3.

1 Spi. *Come let's remove.*
2 Spi. *Come let's remove.*
4 Spi. *This lump of Diſeaſes and ſcandal of Love,*
Let's bear 'em from hence to their Torments below,
Where Laviſhing Souls are wrap'd up in woe;
There to Tortures they ſhall for their miſchiefs be ſent,
Yet never, Oh never, Oh never Repent.
Cho. *There to,* &c. [*The Song being ended, the four* Spirits *drive Sir* Symon *into the middle of the Stage, and Dance; the Dance being ended, they hurry him away.* Arratus *raiſes himſelf and looks about him.*

Arra. Are they gone? [*Riſes.*
Was ever Marriage ſo croſt, they'r all gone, and have left me nothing to keep me Company, but a guilty Conſcience; Oh the horror of it ſtrikes me dead; Murder is the ſin Committed, and I the only Actor! Oh *Vanlore*, could I recall thy Soul, I willingly would give my Daughter to you to ſatisfie the injuries I did you, but 'tis in vain, the Bloody deed is done, I ſhall grow mad, my Son and Daughter and my Wits are loſt, loſt paſt Redemption,

Howe're I'le ſpin my Life out, though my Grief
Burden my Soul till it is paſt Relief. [*Exit.*

SCENE a Plane.

Enter Oroandes *Reading a Letter.*

Oro. Meet me at Nine behind the Hermits Rock.
I have not miſt in either Circumſtance, unleſs my haſt Anticipated Time —— [*Looks on his Watch.*

it

It yet is not full Nine. [*Enter* Antellus.

King. *Oroandes* you are now a Loyal Subject.

Oro. All my Ambitions ne're flew higher, Sir, then in that Region of your thoughts to thrive.

King. There it was grown to full Maturity : But I muſt like wanton *Nero* either Ruin all the Glorious Structure of thy hopes, or live Impris'ned in thy Loyalty : thy Life (till now my ſtrongeſt fortreſs) is become the fatal Engine of my Ruin.

Oro. Heav'n ! what have I done to merit this ?

King. Nothing but bin too Vertuous, and by that center'd affections which I muſt remove, or ſhake thee into Chaos.

Oro. This Language blaſts me, ſure I have no ſin pond'rous enough to buoy your Veng'ance up. Did I but think one Viper Lodg'd in my remoteſt part, I'de tear each Fibre of my heart, to find the Monſter out, and in my blood Imbalm'd throw it as far as Lifes ſhort ſpan can reach. But Heav'n my witneſs is no flame of Zeal, but has bin your's i'th' ſecond Magnitude ; my Vows of Kin to thoſe I pay'd the Gods, my Prayers but Love and Duty fir'd into a holy Calenture.

King. Thy Vertue fathoms not my debt of Guilt ; ſuch a prevention of my Anger, would only change the active paſſion for ſorrow as inſupportable : thoſe Characters which muſt uphold the ſables of my Soul, are in dark Hieroglyphicks hid, through which thy ſtrength of Judgment cannot pierce.

Oro. You ſpeak in miſty wonders Sir, ſuch as lead my apprehenſion into wild Meanders.

King. This will unriddle all our doubts, — draw. [*King draws.*

Oro. Againſt my Soveraign ! an Act ſo wicked would retort the guilty ſteel into my breaſt : fear never yet Marbled a Cowards heart more then Obedience mine.

King. Will you deny when I Command ?

Oro. Pardon me Royal Sir,
I would beſtride a Cloud with Lightning Charg'd in's full Carreer, affront a Thunderbolt, leap into the Clefts of Earthquakes, or attempt to prop the Ruines of a falling Rock,

Yet count all this my happineſs, ſo I
Met Death in the white Robes of Loyalty.

King. Are my attempts priz'd at ſo weak a rate ? wears not my Sword

Sword a danger on its poynt as well as thine? — Draw — or I ſhall conclude 'tis fear, not Loyalty, that Charms thy hand, which ſpeaks thy Soul a Traytor.

Oro. This ſtirs my blood, were you a private man that only had his better Genius to defend him, and though Ally'd to me by all the tyes of Nature, and of Friendſhip, yet being thus far urg'd, our Swords long ſince had ſhown whoſe Stars had brighteſt Influence.

King. I have unfetter'd all thoſe legal bonds. Draw — for thy denying now but ſlights my power.

Oro. Then ſince there's no Evaſion, —— [Oroandes *draws.*
Witneſs ye Gods my Innocence is wrong'd.
But Gracious Sir, —— [Oroandes *kneels.*
Before I fall, or ſtand leſs fortunate, to ſee you overthrew, Oh let me know what Fate, what Cruel Fate has Rob'd me of the Treaſure of your Love.

King. And muſt ſuch goodneſs die? Know noble Youth, I am ſo far from calling it deſert in thee, that hath unſheath'd my Sword, that in this midnight ſtorm of fancy I can ſhed ſome drops of Pitty too. I come not raſhly to attempt thy life, but long have ſtruggled with my hot deſires, ſtood fiery Tryals of temptations. I am diſeas'd, and know no way to health but through a deluge of thy blood, — there is a cauſe.

Oro. Dear Sir reveal it, that e're I fall, my penitential tears may cleanſe my Soul from ſuch a Leprous Crime.

King. Alas brave Youth, thy thought's white as the Robes of Angels are, I know thy Love to fair *Amaſia* inſeperable, as goodneſs from a Deity, yet I muſt deprive thee of this Darling of thy Soul.

Oro. With pardon Royal Sir, I cannot think the *Cyprian* Princeſs is ſo ſoon forgot, with whom *Amaſia* Sir compar'd is nothing.

King. Darſt thou affect her, yet diſpraiſe a Beauty that in its Orb contracts Divinity? This Prophanation what had elſe bin ſin will render Meritorious, —— Guard thy Life.

[*They fight, the King is wounded.*

Oro. What have I done?

King. The Buſineſs that we met for, now we are friends again, friends until Death. [*The King ſtaggers and falls.*

Oro. Oh do not faint, call up your ſpirits Sir, there's hopes of Life.

King. My Vital Powers fail, my Eyes are bowing to Eternal night.

Oro. And

Oro. And I grow wild with Horror, — milder then a Flame provok'd by angry Winds; what ſhall I do, or whither ſhall I flie, to leave behind me this purſuing Guilt ? [*A noiſe within.*

King. Oh, Oh, — be gone, be gone my *Oroandes*, ſome Company draws near. Maiſt thou live long and happily in the Embraces of her whom I unjuſtly ſtrove to have: my dying wiſhes wait upon your joys.

Oro. Angels attend your lateſt hour, I go
From hence to meet my Everlaſting woe. [*Exit.*

Enter Heroina, Vanlore, *Shepherds, and Shepherdeſſes.*

Hero. I thought I heard th' unruly noiſe of Swords,
And Claſhing Murmurs of unfriendly words,
Beſides the Eccho of a hollow Groan.

Van. I heard the diſmal noiſe, and fear th' event,
Theſe wild Banderties live by ſpoiles alone,
Run on in ſin, and fear no puniſhment.

King. Oh, Oh, Oh.

Hero. ——— What noiſe is that ?

Van. ——— Some newly Slain
By theſe untam'd Bandetties of the Plaine.

Hero. And here lies one breathing his lateſt breath,
His face is cold, and all appears like Death;
Let's Beare him off
Within for his Recovery all means I'le try,
For ſomething prompts me, that he muſt not die.

[*They take him up, and Exeunt. Enter* Theocrine *and the Shepherd, the Shepherd brings back* Vanlore.

Van. My deareſt *Theocrine*, in all, you prove
Your Honour great, as is your Real Love.

The. My *Vanlore*, ſure I may believe my eyes,
Or doth the ſuddain Joy my ſenſe ſurprize;
The Cruel pleaſures ſteal ſo ſweetly on,
Makes me miſtruſt the Bliſs I run upon.

Van. Your Bliſs is Real, and my Joy's Compleat,
Heav'n could not give a happineſs more great.

The. Through doubts and fears I have attain'd my will,
But 'twas unkind to let me Languiſh ſtill.

Van. That only caſt a Cloud on the deſign;
That with more eaſe you might to Love incline.

And I to live alone retir'd with pain,
Expecting ſtill this happineſs to gain;
Which thus poſſeſt, more perfect Bliſs I find,
Then in the various pleaſures of the mind.

The. Love like the wind oft ſhifts and ſeems to ceaſe,
As if each minute lull'd it into peace;
Sweetly it breaths upon the flowry Plaine,
And yet a moment pulls it back again.
From Calms to Storms th' unruly Guſt doth riſe,
And ſcatters all the Clouds about the Skies;
So we neglectful, now our Bliſs is near,
By ſtaying, threaten dangers we ſhould fear:
My Lovers Anger, and my Fathers Age,
With Thunder will purſue us in his Rage.

Van. Thou art the Loadſtone, and my Soul ſhall be
Directed only by thy Charms and thee:
'Mongſt harmleſs Sheep, and ſolitary Bowers,
We'l waſt the tedious Time in pleaſant Hours,
There Love and Pleaſure we'l at once poſſeſs;
Who wades through Croſſes meets true Happineſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Court.

Enter Zannazarro, Glorianda, *and* Amaſia.

Zan. How ſad a change is this! This morning was appointed for more joyful Enterviews.

Glo. When laſt nights ſlumber rob'd our wakeful hopes of the delicious births of fancy, 'twas with fairer promiſes: *Amaſia*, I fain would comfort thee, but my own griefs make me a ſtranger to that balmy Language.

Ama. Dear Siſter, thy Paſſions are too violent; the Meſſengers are not yet all return'd, nor have we ſeen *Arratus*. [*Enter* Arratus.

Glo. And here he comes.

Zan. My Lord, you either come to ſhare in Grief with us, or eaſe ours by ſome bleſt diſcovery.

Arr. My Lord, my Son, my Daughter, and my ——

Zan. Peace, no more, mix not theirs with a Sov'raigns loſs, whoſe leaſt drop of Blood is worth a Thouſand Lives, ſpeak thy intelligence.

Arr. My

Arr. My Largeſt lies within the City walls, and there he has not yet bin heard of; is none with him?

Zan. Yes, *Oroandes*, [*Enter a* Meſſenger.
here comes our laſt hopes, ſpeak thy ſucceſs.

Meſſ. Not good my Lord, we've traveſt all the Fields that Circles lofty *Erix*, and yet ſee no beam of bleſt Intelligence; all we found worthy to fix an Obſervation on, was a place beneath the Hermits Rock all ſtain'd with ſtore of Blood, and near the foot this token of our Grief. [*Gives a bloody Handkercher which was the Kings.*

Zan. Oh my Prophetick fears!

Ama. Our ſorrows are confirm'd!

Glor. They are in Bloody Characters!

Arr. I'le go and ſecure the Cittadel, and cry Treaſon.
[*Exit.* Arratus.

Zan. Sorrow out-grows all my Reſolves, this is an Act ſo full of Horror 'tis terrible to name it; but if the Force of *Syracuſe* can ſcourge the Traytors,

——————————— We'l have
Their Heads to build a Temple o're his Grave. [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE the Plaines.

Enter the King *lead by two Shepherds and* Heroina.

King. I'VE now got ſtrength enough to render to you the fair preſerver of my Life; my Spirits ſtir, as if they would ſhake off the ſluggiſh weight of weakneſs.

Hero. How much in ev'ry twinkling of the eye doth he reſemble my Heroick Love. [*Aſide.*

King. You'r ſad ſweet Lady.

Hero. I have a Cauſe, and ſuch a one, that did you know, your Goodneſs would Commiſerate my wretched Fortune.

King. Reveal it Lady, I perhaps may be inabled then to diſſipate your Griefs.

Hero. I was reſolv'd to weep away my Time in private ſorrow; but diſcovery cannot aggravate my woe; beſides I may venture to

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lodge a ſecret, where I have found ſuch temperate vertues. I'le only with this Queſtion Uſher in my own diſcovery; is *Sicily* your place of Birth, or not?

King. It is, and Breeding both.

Hero. I will not ask what were the Parentage, where I find Vertues plant Nobility, yet would be loath to a Plebeian breaſt to truſt what I muſt now divulge.

King. You may be confident I am a Gentleman, as well by Birth as Education, Lady.

Hero. I do preſume it Sir, and therefore wiſh of all I now remain amongſt to be known unto you alone.
You never had Relation to the Court?

King. There was my Breeding Lady.

Hero. Near the Perſon of the King?

King. One of his Bed-Chamber, and 'tis no boaſt to ſay, as well belov'd by him as any, there being in th' opinion of the Court, a near Reſemblance of our looks.

Hero. Then ſure my name is not a ſtranger to you, have you not heard Sir of the *Cyprian Princeſs*.

King. The Beautious *Heroina*.

Hero. The wretched *Heroina*, ſuch I'm ſure is my condition in my preſent State.

King. Pardon the Child of Ignorance, my wild, and unbecoming Rudeneſs. [*Kneels.*

Hero. Riſe Sir, we are Companions yet; and hope we ſhall be till your Royal Maſter poſſeſs what was long ſince intended his. By what Diſaſter, I was caſt upon this dreadful Precipice of Danger, as we are walking I'le Relate. [*Enter two Bandetties.*

1 *Ban.* A prize, a prize, a noble prize, ſeize you upon that pretty Shepherdeſs, while I diſpatch the Guardian. [*Draws.*

King. 'Tis not ſo quickly done, and though as yet unable to defend, hither I'le fly for Reſcue. [*Snatches the Bandetties Sword, (who is going to ſeize* Heroina.
Now I'm prepar'd to ſcourge your ſawcy Inſolence.

[*Fights with the firſt Bandetty and wounds him, the ſecond leaves* Heroina, *and offers to ſeize the* King; *Enter* Vanlore *and* Theocrine, Vanlore *Draws, and drives the ſecond Bandetty off; the firſt that was wounded by the King ſtayes.*

Hero. This

Hero. This was a timely Reſcue, and has by the fair Redemption of my Honour bound me to give you thanks.

King. I merit none; my Duty urg'd me to preſerve that Life which they ſtrove thus to Raviſh. The brighteſt Stars that Rul'd my Fate, did light me to this bleſt Employment; but had all ſet, e're their Influence had attain'd its end, had not this Gentlemans aſſiſtance lent new Vigor to their fading Beams.

Hero. I muſt confeſs a debt of thanks to him, which if Irregular Humanity prove no Rebel to my ſafety, ſhall be ſuddainly diſcharg'd: Let this Villain attend us to the Court, there you'l find a Prince to be intreated, when your Advocate bears *Heroina's* name. I can forgive, and ſo I hope can you, although his Crimes merit a laſting puniſhment.

1 *Ban.* Pardon me beſt of Women, and impute [*Kneels.*
my Rudeneſs to my Ignorance. If any Service can Extenuate Crimes of ſuch Monſtrous Growth, my Blood ſhall pay the forfeit of my diſobedience.

Hero. Your hopes of ſafety prompts me to believe you: Come Sir, you and that Gentleman ſhall attend me to the Court.

Van. We are your Vaſſals Madam, proud to have ſuch a Command to Uſher our deſires.

Hero. And you Sir.

There I'le compleat that cure ſo well begun,
And raiſe your fading hopes for what you've done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE a Tavern.

A Table, Pen Ink and Paper in it.

Enter Led by the Noſe, Sir Jaſper Sympleton *by* Drayner, *and Sir* Symon Credulous *by* Slywit, *diſguis'd.*

Dra. Come, come along Sir, is't not enough to kill an honourable Gentleman, but you muſt Lampoon him when you've done, and wound his fame in Verſe.

Jaſ. Dam-me if ever I writ a Verſe in my Life, or any thing like it, alas I have no more wit then a Gooſe, and writing's as diſagreeable

agreeable to my Nature, as Hanging: I muſt confeſs I have often had an Itching mind to Poetry, but could never obtain it.

Sly. And what makes your name Sir, crowded on the Title Page of ſeveral Plays in ſplendid Characters, as if that Oſtentation did proclaim thee a man of wit and merit?

Sym. I ſee you are Ignorant of the *Engliſh* Cuſtomes; their men of Wit and Sence inclin'd to Poetry, have ſuch a little ſhare in the Worlds Treaſure, their works and them alike go both a begging, and ſcarce a morning but we Eaſie-men (who rather then our lives would be accounted the Zanies of the Age) are troubled with their Viſits, where for a Guinny we purchaſe the Labour of three Months, and then by our Authority, with the Acting Females (who doat upon us Gallants of the Times) the Play in our name's Acted, and by Conſequence, 'cauſe all the World ſhould be acquainted with our Folly (which we think Wit) ſome Greedy Bookſeller pays dear for the Copy, and by his means 'tis Uſher'd into th' World; thoſe Dedications writ by us (ſmall Criticks) never are honour'd by a Noble Patroneſs, tending to down right rayling at the Age, or finding fault perhaps with the beſt Poets.

Sly. This makes you Guilty of the laſt Lampoon, in which you have not only abus'd him who never was a Poet, but all the Poets of the Age; and therefore if you give us not (in the behalf of our dead Friend) ſufficient ſatisfaction, you die immediately.

Sym. This 'tis to pretend to Poetry in a ſtrange Country: I Gad in *London*, a man of Nonſence is as ſafe (amongſt the Crue of Criticks) as in a *Hollands* Leaguer, for they are more given to the Spirit of Contradiction, then that of Fighting. [*Aſide.*

Dra. Come Sir, diſpatch, we are in haſt.

Jaſ. So am I to be gone. [*Aſide.*

Sly. Swear Sir.

Sym. Swear what?

Sly. Either you did, or did not write the Verſes.

Sym. I vow to Gad, and all that, I am Innocent.

Sly. That's but a weak Oath, and ſhows too muſt of Cowardize to gain belief, ſwear me a full mouth'd Oath like a true *Engliſhman.*

Sym. Then

Sym. Then on the Vertue of a Gentleman, and Honour of Sir *Symon Credulous*, I am not Guilty.

Sly. Honour and Vertue are two mighty ſtrangers to an Ignoble breaſt; I cannot in the leaſt Imagine they are lodg'd in your's. Come Gentlemen, here's Pen Ink and Paper, write ev'ry Letter that we ſhall command you, or die in diſobeying.

Sym. Was ever poor Pretended led by the Noſe before? Honour begone, to ſave my Life I'le do it; we are ready Sir.

[*Sir* Jaſper *and Sir* Symon *go to the Table, and prepare to write.*

Sly. Write this then, —— I am a Coward.

Sym. All the World knows that already, it needs no publication.

Sly. Write I Command you.

Both. I am a Coward. —— [*Write.*

Sly. An Arrand ſtinking Coward.

Both. An Arrand ſtinking Coward. —— [*Write.*

Dra. A Poetical Thief.

Jaſ. Not I by Heav'n.

Dra. Write I ſay.

Both. A —— [*Write.*

Sly. And a damm'd Son of a Whore, if ever I writ theſe Verſes.

Both. And a —— [*Write.*

Jaſ. All this I Gad is true Gentlemen, have you done?

Dra. Not yet Sir, one word more, and I do here promiſe to receive into my Arms, the Lady yeſterday Married, to have and to hold, for better for worſe, and ſo forth, with a promiſe to make her a Jointure of Three Hundred a Year; to keep (and never to part with) her, as being a Match only fit for me —— *Jaſper Sympleton.*

Jaſ. Withal my heart. [Jaſper *writes.*

Now Sir *Symon* I think I am even with you. [*Aſide.*

Here Sir I deliver this to you as my Act and Deed.

[*Gives* Drayner *the Paper.*

Dra. So this is well. And now Gentlemen, 'cauſe you ſhall be eas'd of all your fears and miſeries, all diſputations 'twixt you two muſt ceaſe; the Lady, the Beautious Lady *Theocrine* by Nuptial tye is yours, and as your Wife receive her.

Enter

Enter Julia.

Jaſ. Withal my heart, now you have plaid the part of honeſt men, welcome into my Arms.

Dra. Pray Heav'n you find us ſo, do you know me Sir?

[*Diſcovers himſelf.*

Jaſ. What *Drayner*, Servant to my Rival Sir *Symon Credulous*, nay then I fear the worſt.

Dra. I am the honeſt man you talk of Sir, and 'cauſe you ſhall not dwell in Ignorance too long, behold whom you have Married.

[*Diſcovers* Julia.

Jaſ. Cheated, Gul'd, abus'd by Heav'n; have I Married this Chamber-maid?

Jul. This Chamber-woman you have Sir, I was a Maid until you made me otherwiſe; and afterwards you would perſwade me to have bin as falſe as *Dunkirk*, and in one hour have received *Engliſh*, *Dutch*, *French*, and abus'd them all; but you ſee the Fates decreed it otherwiſe, I am now your Wife.

Jaſ. The Devil ſhall be mine as ſoon; go home to your old Office, keep the Door, and let in ev'ry paultry Knight or Squire, that gives a Guinny and a Kiſs for Entrance, who being ſlighted by your Peeviſh Lady, falls foul on you, as being loath to loſe th' Imagination of Enjoyment, though with her meaneſt Servants.

Sym. Good Bully *Sympleton*, how like an Aſs you look now, I muſt confeſs you have ſuch a ſmart way of Courtſhip, ſuch taking Charms, ſuch ſweet Devices, no Woman can hold out. Wiſh you much Joy Sir. Gad *Drayner* let's ſerenade him with the ſecond part to the ſame Tune.

Sings Ridiculouſly.

I had a Miſs, a Dainty, Dainty Miſs,
Who could at once, Diſſemble, Cog, and Kiſs;
This Miſs I Gad grew weary of the Life,
Jilted Sir Jaſper, *and became a Wife.*
How do you like it Bully, Ha?

Dra. Come,

Dra. Come, come Sir, be patient, you are now a Knight Alamode, a Courtier of the Fashion, for scarce one of them but Marry some Debauch'd Lady or other, and count it happiness if but three Nations have enjoy'd her; and this Pasty is of your own Cutting up, and no doubt will prove a Vertuous Wife.

Jas. A Vertuous Devil she may: Pox of the Sex in general, and in particular thee: farewel Wife, farewel Bully; mayst thou Love on, till thou Reelst like a Drunken *Dutchman*, and in that Humour Commit Adultery with some Gotish Citizen, till the hot Pestilence of Pleasure sink thee into another World.

[*Offers to go, but is hindred by* Drayner.

Dra. Stay Sir, stay, I have your hand here to confirm a Contract, which I give up to *Julia*, and here I vow by all those Plagues you heap'd upon her head, to kill you instantly, unless you take her to your Arms.

Jas. Why this to your friend *Drayner*? Pox you'r a man of Wit, and Merit, and I know have more discretion, then to Bubble your Obliging Friend and Servant.

Dra. I am resolv'd nothing shall stop my fury; take her, or ——

Jas. Pox on ye, come, had I Courage enough to die, I would be hang'd before I'de have a Chamber-maid.

Sym. A Chamber-maid, Ha, Ha, Ha; give me thy hand *Sympleton*, give you much joy, a Chamber-maid, Ha.

Jas. Well, well Sir, let nothing trouble you, my Chamber-maid may be a Lady as soon as your Lordship.

Sym. Give you much joy, I say no more Bully, but now I hope I may Court my Mistress without the trouble of Poetising, Drinking, or Whoring, Ha, Bully *Sympleton*.

Sly. You may Sir, but she's Married.

Sym. The Devil she is, to whom?

Sly. A Shepherd Sir, one poor but honest, and such a one as Nature only made equal in Graces to compare with her, won by her prayers and tears; I stole her hence, and gave her to a faithful Shepherd, who was her Conduct to him.

Sym. S'death am I guld by Shepherds? the base Slaves shall die: who was the Principal?

Sly. One though unfortunate, may boast himself a Souldier

and a Gentleman, one whom she thought was Dead, the worthy *Vanlore.*

Sym. A very honest fellow I Gad, and one I love extreamly, though I never saw him; he shall enjoy her, my blessing wait upon him, that is, continual Love, and want of Women Kind, light on him.

Enter a Constable, and Watchmen.

Con. There, there are the Murderers, seize on 'em all; if they refuse, knock 'em down, we have the Law on our sides.

[*They offer to seize 'em.*

Sly. Draw Gentlemen, they hate the sight of a Sword.

Sym. Not I by Heav'n.

Jas. Nor I by *Jove*, what Draw against a Constable?

Sly. What Brother Constable, are you here?

Con. Keep off Sir, how came you to be my Brother?

Sly. When you were hot upon the search for my Master, this Gentlemans Murderer, I to secure his Person, which might casually fall into your hands, and to create a Jest, disguis'd my self into the shape of an Officer, and coming into your Company, I carried you to the Tavern, where both the Murderer and Murther'd stood like Images, and to maintain the Jest, I appear'd as fearful as your Worship, giving the first start at what I knew so well, Sir *Symon Credulous* in Armor. [*Discovers himself.*

Jas. What *Sly*, my subtle serving-man?

Sly. The same Sir, born to bring you out of these dangerous troubles.

Con. Was there no Ghost in the Tavern then?

Sly. None I assure you, unless these Gentlemen are Devils.

Con. Oh dishonour to our Office, and stain to this staff of Dignity, seize upon 'em all, I'le teach you to abuse Authority, you are as wicked as Players, who make no more of a Constable, then of a Cobler.

Sly. The Cause you seize us for's so mean, we scorn to stand against it, — here we all yield our selves, do what you can, or dare. [*All deliver their Swords.*

Con. Nay now you are Civil Gentlemen, and were't not that I have another Warrant, which is too great to disobey, I'd give you all your Liberties, the King is lost, and 'tis to be suppos'd Murther'd,

upon

upon which I have Order to secure ev'ry suspitious Person.

Dra. How the King lost?

Sly. And Murder'd!

Jas. Oh Horror!

Sym. Nay now we may be hang'd indeed, but sure the King had more wit then to die of his own accord, 'tis mear Treason by *Jove*.

Con. It can't be less, therefore Gentlemen till news comes of our Soveraign, this Tavern shall be your Goal, to no worse place I'le carry you.

Sym. I Gad thou art the merriest Constable in *Europe*; come along Brother Traytors, Madam *Sympleton* you are a Conspirator too, come along Boys:

When sparkish Bacchanalians Traytors turn,
We'l swim through Fire, and in Canary burn.

[*Exeunt. Manet* Sly *and* Drayner.

Sly. So now we are Reveng'd, and Profits grow
More great, then e're this Fops had to bestow;
When Profit and Revenge together meet,
Each hour successes Crown'd fall at our feet:
How bright each Motion to that Bliss doth prove!
Revenge once Compass'd, tasts more sweet then Love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Court.

Enter the King *and* Vanlore, *leading* Heroina, *attended by* Theocrine, *Shepherds, and Shepherdesses, at one door; at the other,* Zannazarro, Glorianda, *and* Amasia, *all in Mourning, attended by the Kings Guard,* Zannazarro *kneels, and having kiss'd* Heroina's *hand, Rises.*

Zan. The best of welcomes this sad place affords wait on your Grace's Entertainment.

Her. I thank you Sir, but must first Employ your service in declaring, what these silent Emblems of a sorrow means?

Zan. Wilt please you Madam, lend your attention to the saddest Story that e're did yet *Scicilia's* Annals Blot; [*The* Scene *draws, and discovers the Picture of the King.*

Behold great Princess, all but the memory of the living fame of *Syracusias* Monarch. [Heroina *swoons.*

Glo. Help, help the Princeſs.

Ama. Madam, dear Madam.

Her. Oh, Oh, Oh.

Arr. Bear her forth, and give her more Air.

Her. Hold, I am better here; if any thing revive my Spirits, 'twill be this that puts me in mind of my deceaſed Lord. Why ſtand you thus amaz'd? [*Enter* Oroandes, Zannazarro, *and the reſt ſeem amazed.*

Zan. Pardon us Madam; had the united duſt of ſome dead friend, whoſe memories ne're forgot, viſited Earth in his own ſhape again, our wonder could not have arriv'd unto a higher Pitch. Let me Embrace thee friend.

Oro. Stand off, yet farther off, — you know not what you touch; you ſafer far may grapple with a flame; or in his midnight walks, affront a friend arm'd with full Vials of deſtructive wrath: the Graves Inhabitants, when folded in Corruption, are not more defil'd then I.

Zan. What tends this Language to?

Oro. Deſtruction, *Zannazarro.*

Ama. How haſt thou loſt thy Temper *Oroandes*, prithee look on me friend, am I grown a ſtranger to thy knowledg?

Oro. Leave me *Amaſia*, thou art of kin unto thoſe hollow'd Angels that did once attend my Actions, and muſt now with them a ſtranger to thy *Oroandes* grow.

Hero. You are to me a ſtranger Sir, yet in your looks ſomething I read, that may concern your abſent Prince.

Oro. I do, and would Relate it, but that it hath a ſound ſo full of horror, I tremble to Relate it; yet I muſt, no other way can lead my Soul out of this wilderneſs of fleſh; he's Murther'd.

Zan. How?

Glo. By whom?

Oro. By me, do ye ſtart? 'twas I, 'twas I, that when your blooming hopes chear'd with the Sun of Majeſty, were grown big with expected favours, did Eclipſe the Glorious Light in a Black Cloud of Death; I cut the heart-ſtrings of the Land, and fed the Groaning Land with Blood, whoſe Purple had bin by an Ancient Stock of Anceſtors dy'd into Royalty.

Van. Ingrateful Slave, why are our Swords ſo ſlow to Execute the Villain? [*Offers to Draw.*

Ama. Oh

Ama. Oh hold, believe him not, he Raves.

Oro. Thou haſt but injur'd me *Amaſia*, in ſtaying their juſt fury.

Glo. Oh Brother if this be true, thou haſt undone us all.

Oro. True, do not think this any Natural Diſtemper, that ſpreads this Malignant Vapour through my Veins, which nought but the Poiſon of my Guilt Corrupts; yes I have done it Brother, and you are all bound, as you love your Prince, to see't Reveng'd with Torments; here's a Note will when I'm dead, direct you where to find him. [*Flings* Zannazarro *a Note.*

And now I've done my Buſineſs on the Earth, I'le give the firſt ſtroke to Revenge, and here open a paſſage for your Swords to Enter. [*Draws his Sword, and offers to kill himſelf; is ſtay'd by the King.*

What bold hand is that?

King. One that here may claim a priviledg.

[*Diſcovers himſelf, all kneel by* Heroina.

Riſe thou true Mirror of all Royalty, ne're higher in our favour.

Zan. Our Gracious Soveraign!

Omnes. Welcome, Oh welcome Royal Sir.

King. You are all my much lov'd Subjects, ſuch in whom never was King more Bleſt; Madam your preſence Crowns our Joys, now I ſtand Exalted in the *Zenith* of my Fate; who would not paſs a Stormy Night, to be thus Courted by a Glorious Day? You all are ſharers in my heart, but thou my Love [*To* Heroina. the chief Commandreſs of that Royal Fort.

Hero. My Joys are now Compleated, and I find a Sea of Pleaſure Crowns my Dangers paſt; what thoſe were, at your leiſure I'le Relate.

Now Joy and Thanks alike my Breſt poſſeſs,
Which leads me to a World of Happineſs.

King. Hymen ſhall light us to that World of Joy,
Which once poſſeſs'd, ſhall all our Cares deſtroy.

Arratus I ſhould chide you, but 'tis no time to wear an angry brow, although the Crime was monſtrous,, to hier two wicked Slaves to Murder *Vanlore*, who then lay Leaguer at *Ardenna*, but by Miracle preſerv'd, to ſave mine and *Heroina*'s Life, for which all he deſires, is your free Conſent to Marry *Theocrine*.

[Vanlore *and* Theocrine *kneels.*

Arr. My

Arr. My Lord he has it, and I Joy to hear his Life was sav'd to Act so brave a Deed, Rise and receive my Blessing, you are a worthy Son.

King. To add a Title to that Honour, I here Create him General, you *Orvaudes* to a Place of greater worth, and nearer to our Person, thy Loyal Vertue merrits it.

Omnes. Long live *Antellus* and *Heroina*, King and Queen of *Scicily*.

King. My Debts are great to all, but must remain in full Arrears until my Off'rings pai'd to fair *Heroina* give me liberty:

Then hill'd in Peace, and by this Prize set down,
We'l find new ways past Victories to Crown.
The mighty Bliss about my Soul doth move
In diff'rent forms, like unknown Joys Above,
B'ing Crown'd at once with Loyalty and Love.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

WHAT strange unkindness doth amongst you Reign,
Sure you will ne're leave off this Damming strein;
You Sans remorse, like Cruel Victors kill;
Both Friend and Foe must suffer by your will,
And all you do is good, though ne're so ill;
Your Native sweetness sure is from you fled,
And all kind Nature is Extinct and Dead;
Like Miss Enjoy'd, you lead us to the Door,
Quite Cloy'd, you thrust us out, and Love no more,
Leave us like her to all Ensuing harms,
And Curse the ill, because you hate her Charms:
By Instigation, or by Precept led,
You that are Wits the Guiddy faction head;
And taught by them, ill Nature and their spight,
T' Explode what they call wrong, though ne're so right.
Like Massanello's *our kind Judges sit,*
Cry down the Play, because they hate the Wit;
Damm me sayes one, why so Satyrick here,
What means the Fop to Ramble from his sphere,
And Carp at things, the graveſt Poets fear?
Troth 'twas Invention, though he mist the way,
He writ, and hop'd to please as well as they,
But he mistook, and Jaded his poor Muse,
And what he though Jocose, prov'd mere abuse.
The Drudging Scribler *quakes within, for fear*
You should turn Hectors and dissect him here;
His little frailty sure you can forgive,
And Impudence you know deserves to live;
You may be merciful, though you are Foes,
Since to your Rage at once he did Expose
All he held dear, to Lead you by the Nose.